

STAN LEE Presents:

HOWARD THE DUCK

Volume 1 No. 4 March, 1980

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EDITORIAL



Dear Reader:

In this issue we examine the success of our sister magazine, **HOWARD THE DUCK**, which is based, as I'm sure you all know by now, on the disappearance of a fellow fowl, and the imaginative speculations about the subsequent whereabouts and activities (if any) of this enigmatic character.

From the inception of the **HOWARD THE DUCK** magazine public response has been enthusiastic and divided. Is the **HOWARD** cult, **WAKKie**, a sincere religion? An outrageous farce engaged in duping the dopes? Or is it just a fad that will quickly fade away? And what of Truman Capoultry's claims to "psychic" knowledge of the circumstances of Howard's current existence? Because of this and many other questions — and because we had to fill an issue up real fast — we decided to mount a serious inquiry into this matter. We leave it to you, the reader, to wade between fact and fable.

In addition to the **HOWARD** material we include your favorite **PLAYDUCK** features: the **DUCKMATE**, of course, without which no **PLAYDUCK** issue would be worthy of the name; the **REVIEW**; the **ADVISER**; and the **WISE QUACKS** letters column.

As winter begins drawing to the end of its cycle and molting season approaches it is, as always, a time for reflection.

Reflect well on the lessons to be learned from the **HOWARD THE DUCK** phenomenon. Perhaps we all are "trapped in a world we never made" because we have neglected to interact positively enough with our fellow creatures, neglected to take responsibility for our society.

Think on it.

Meanwhile, there's the next **PLAYDUCK** issue to look forward to, an issue that will reprint that always popular item, **THE PLAYDUCK BILLOSOPHER!**

≡ WAUK ≡

Snoome Quacker

ONLY "WHEEZATON" TURNS OUT CHAMPIONS LIKE THESE!



ADD 3 INCHES TO YOUR ARMS

— FAST!

ADD 5 INCHES TO YOUR CHEST

— FAST!

ADD 1 INCH TO YOUR BEAK

— FAST!

WITH WHEEZATON!



This is no antiquated system like the one offered by Lido — or the outdated course Celestial is trying to sell for \$40!

Bill Web, '79:

"Mr. New Stork:"

"I never believed I could gain any real muscle because of my short size (1') — until I tried "WHEEZATON!"

WHEEZATON is an amazing new system offering the most modern, fastest-working muscle building techniques ever discovered!

Just three seconds — yes, that's three seconds — a day and you can become the drake you've always wanted to be!

Gak Quill, '78 "Mr. Wow:"

"WHEEZATON" really persuades muscles to grow!"

Are you fat? WHEEZATON turns that soft mushy flab into muscle — **FAST!** Are you skinny? **WHEEZATON** packs healthy, solid pounds on your frame — **FAST!**

**DON'T WASTE ANY TIME!
SEND FOR WHEEZATON
TODAY!**

Harold Brruk, '78 "Mr. New Stork:"

"Worth 100 times the price!"



02958

MARCH, N° 4

\$1.25

HOWARD THE DUCK?

PLAYDUCK

You'll Believe
Hairless Apes
Can Talk!



WAUGH

PLAYDUCK



The Maltese Cockroach

CLEVELAND, WINTER HUNG ON LIKE AN UNWANTED PARTY GUEST, ITS FROZEN BREATH BLOWING DRUNKENLY OVER THE CITY FROM LAKE ERIE. IT WAS A HELL OF A NIGHT TO BE DRIVING A HACK.

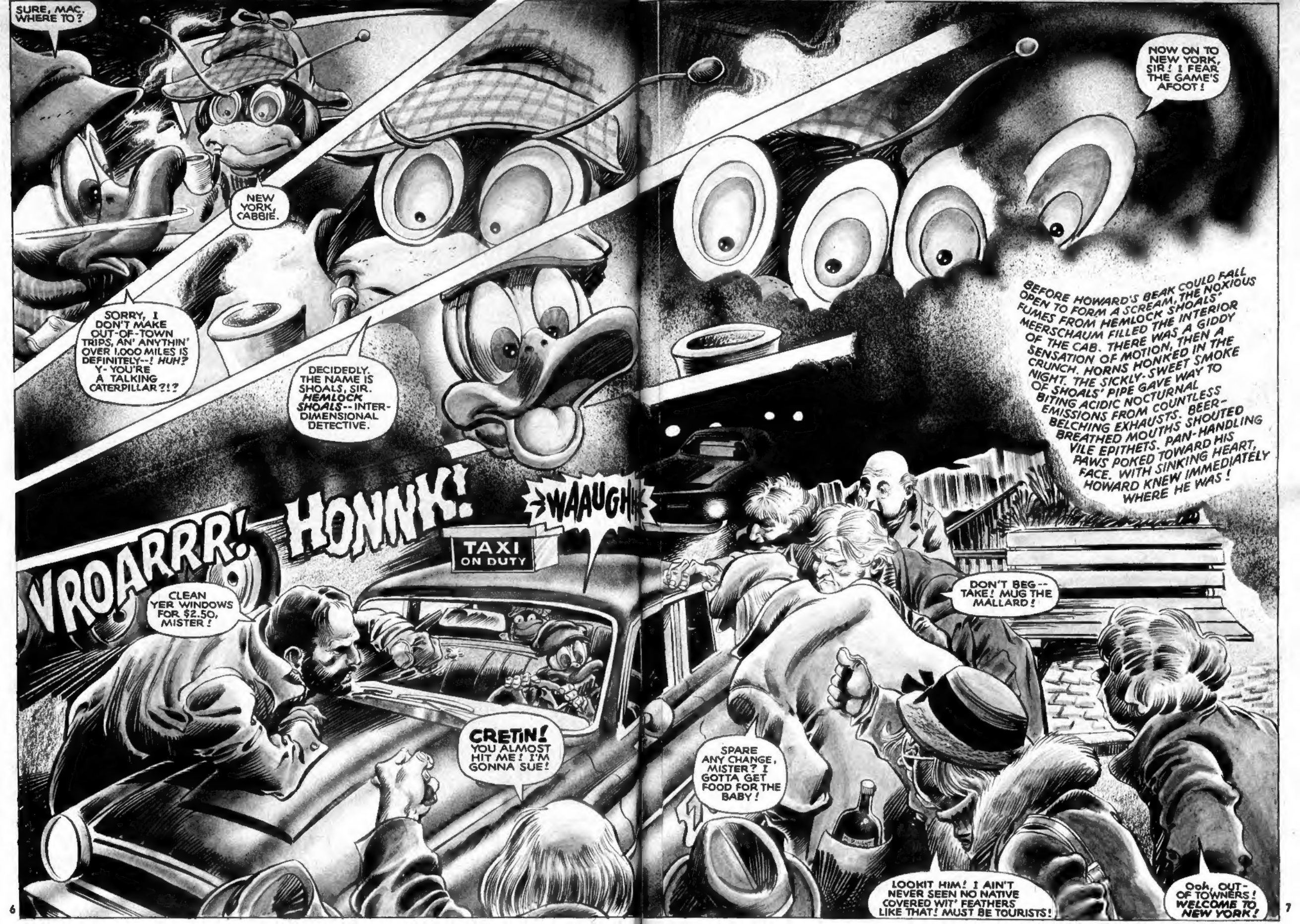
IN FACT, IT WAS A HELL OF A NIGHT TO BE DOING ANYTHING EXCEPT NUZZLING BEV BETWEEN THE SHEETS. BUT HOWARD THE DUCK HAD ANOTHER FOUR HOURS TO GO ON THE LATE SHIFT...

... AND HE JUST HOPED THEY'D PASS UNEVENTFULLY, WITHOUT SOME MORON GETTING ON HIS CASE ABOUT HIS HAVING FEATHERS, OR KIDDING HIM ABOUT HIS "DUCK SUIT". THAT KIND OF GRIEF HE COULD DO WITHOUT.

DON'T TIME FLY WHEN YOU'RE HAVIN' FUN?

PARDON ME, DRIVER, IS THIS CONVEYANCE FREE?

BUT THERE ARE EIGHT MILLION OTHER KINDS OF INSANITY WAITING TO DROP ON OUR DEPRESSED DRAKE IN THIS UNDRAPED CITY. THIS IS A TALE OF ONE OF THEM!



SURE, MAC.
WHERE TO?

NEW
YORK,
CABBIE.

SORRY, I
DON'T MAKE
OUT-OF-TOWN
TRIPS, AN' ANYTHIN'
OVER 1,000 MILES IS
DEFINITELY--! HUH?
Y- YOU'RE
A TALKING
CATERPILLAR?!?

DECIDEDLY.
THE NAME IS
SHOALS, SIR.
HEMLOCK
SHOALS-- INTER-
DIMENSIONAL
DETECTIVE.

NOW ON TO
NEW YORK,
SIR! I FEAR
THE GAME'S
AFOOT!

BEFORE HOWARD'S BEAK COULD FALL
OPEN TO FORM A SCREAM, THE NOXIOUS
FUMES FROM HEMLOCK SHOALS'
MEERSCHAUM FILLED THE INTERIOR
OF THE CAB. THERE WAS A GIDDY
SENSATION OF MOTION, THEN A
CRUNCH. HORNS HONKED IN THE
NIGHT. THE SICKLY-SWEET SMOKE
OF SHOALS' PIPE GAVE WAY TO
BITING ACIDIC NOCTURNAL
EMISSIONS FROM COUNTLESS
BELCHING EXHAUSTS. BEER-
BREATHED MOUTHS SHOUTED
VILE EPITHETS. PAN-HANDLING
PAWS POKED TOWARD HIS
FACE. WITH SINKING HEART,
HOWARD KNEW IMMEDIATELY
WHERE HE WAS!

VROARRR!

CLEAN
YER WINDOWS
FOR \$2.50,
MISTER!

HONNKK!

TAXI
ON DUTY

WAAUGH!

CRETIN!
YOU ALMOST
HIT ME! I'M
GONNA SUE!

DON'T BEG--
TAKE! MUG THE
MALLARD!

SPARE
ANY CHANGE,
MISTER? I
GOTTA GET
FOOD FOR THE
BABY!

LOOKIT HIM! I AIN'T
NEVER SEEN NO NATIVE
COVERED WIT' FEATHERS
LIKE THAT! MUST BE TOURISTS!

Ook, OUT-
OF TOWNERS!
WELCOME TO
NEW YORK!



YOU! YOU GOT ME INTO THIS! YOU'RE ONE OF THEM, AIN'T YOU? A SORCERER!

HEAVENS, NO! MERELY ABLE TO SHIFT THINGS ABOUT BY MANIPULATING THEM ALONG A PLANET'S LINES OF MAGNETIC FORCE.



BUT I CAN SEE BY YOUR Demeanor THAT PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE EXPLAINED MY INTENTIONS AT THE OUTSET. TERRIBLY SORRY, OLD MAN.

PERHAPS I CAN MAKE AMENDS...



...BY REMOVING US FROM THE MOST IMMEDIATE INSANITY: TRAFFIC!

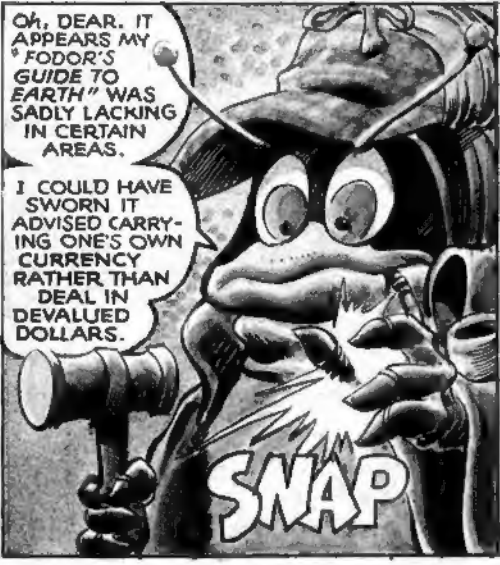
IT WAS A MANEUVER LIKE NONE EVER TAUGHT IN DRIVER'S ED...



BUT THERE COULD BE NO DOUBT ABOUT THE FACT THAT IT WORKED! SORT OF!

I- I AIN'T TOUCHED THE GAS ONCE, BUT WE'RE ZOOMIN' INTO A PARKING SPACE--

-- POINTIN' THE WRONG WAY ON A ONE-WAY STREET!







IT'S THAT COSMIC KEY YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT, RIGHT, DETECTIVE?

THE SAME.

THEN YOU'RE OFF YOUR ROCKER! I JUST WENT THROUGH THIS WITH PRO RATA NOT LONG AGO...



(A). RATA NEVER GOT THE KEY!
(B). I HAD IT, AN' HOCKED IT, AN'
(C). NO ONE'S SEEN HIDE NOR HAIR OF IT SINCE THEN!



TRUE, THE COSMIC KEY HAD VANISHED FROM SIGHT, UNTIL I CAME ON THE CASE...

AND TRACKED IT TO... HERE!

HERE? BARQU BOOKSHOP?



BARQU'S THE NAME, USED BOOKS ARE MY GAME!

DUCK, TURKEY!

THU

Wack



YOU ARE THE PROPRIETOR, I PRESUME?

THAT'S ME, PARDNER -- R.L. HANEY, THE "YAKIMA YAHOO"!

SORRY ABOUT THE KNIFE, SHORTSTOP! I THOUGHT YOU WERE A RUSTLER!



BOOK RUSTLIN'S ONE THING I CAN'T STOMACH, PARD! BUT YOU AIN'T ONE OF THEM MANUSCRIPT SNATCHERS, ARE YA?

NOT ME! I'M A DUCK!

I THOUGHT SO. IT'S IN YOUR EYES.

BUT YOU GOT AN HONEST FACE, SO WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?



WE ARE HERE ON A MISSION OF THE UTMOST URGENCY. Mr. HANEY, HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF...

Hmmm! WONDER IF HE STOCKS ANY CAMUS?

THE COSMIC KEY??







SOON AFTER, I LEARNED THAT THE KEY HAD BEEN PAWNED TO PURCHASE CLOTHES FOR THE DUCK. THEN, FROM THAT CLEVELAND HOCKSHOP, IT PASSED TO A WHOLESALE BOOK-DEALER FROM NEW YORK.

HEY! I JUST PURCHASED A LOAD OF BOOKS FROM A CLEVELAND DEALER!

WHAT'S THIS HERE COSMIC KEY LOOK LIKE?



OH, SOMETHING LIKE--

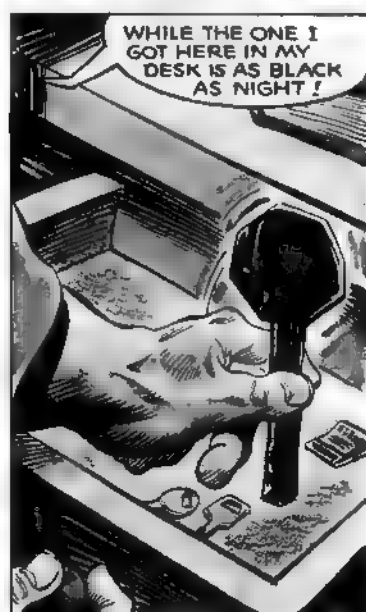
SNAP

--THIS!



YEAH, RIGHT! KINDA MULTI-FACETED, WITH A HANDLE!

SHINES LIKE A RAINBOW, THOUGH!



WHILE THE ONE I GOT HERE IN MY DESK IS AS BLACK AS NIGHT!



'COURSE, THAT DON'T MEAN ANYTHING. PEOPLE HAVE TRIED TO DISGUISE THEIR VALUABLES WITH A COAT OF PAINT BEFORE THIS!

SNIK SNIK SNIK

BUT WHAT GOES ON CAN BE SCRAPED OFF...

EUREKA! IT'S YOUR JEWELLED COSMIC KEY ALL RIGHT, SHOALS!



Huh? IT'S THE GUY WHO WAS LOOKIN' AT BOOKS IN THE BACK ROOM?!

AND IT IS MINE, HUMAN! MINE!

NOT LOOKING, FOWL-- LURKING!
AWAITING MY CHANCE TO STRIKE!

THE KEY!

YES, THE COSMIC KEY! RECEPTACLE OF POWER!
BRINGER OF LIGHT INTO MY UNFATHOMABLE
DARKNESS! IT MUST BELONG TO ME!

I SAY, OLD MAN-- DO YOU
KNOW THIS GENTLEMAN?

GEE, HE
LOOKS LIKE
HALF A DOZEN
PEOPLE WHO
COME IN HERE
EVERY DAY.

BUT NO, HE'S
NOT ONE OF
MY REGULAR
CUSTOMERS!

THIS IS ALL
VERY KAFKAESQUE!

MILL IN CONFUSION, YOU
PALE, PATHETIC FOOLS--
FOR YOU BEHOLD BEFORE
YOU THE PINNACLE OF
EVOLUTION, THE CROWN
OF CREATION!

FOR EONS, MY RACE
HAS DWELLED IN YOUR
DARKNESS, INFESTED YOUR
FLOORBOARDS, FED OFF
YOUR CRUMBS AND DEFIED
YOUR POWER TO DESTROY
US! BUT NEVER DID WE
POSSESS THE POWER
TO CHALLENGE YOU
FOR DOMINION OF
THIS WORLD!

UNTIL NOW! FOR I POSSESS
THAT POWER, GRANTED ME
BY THE COSMIC KEY! GAZE
IN FEAR AND TREMBLING
UPON... THE UNCANNY

COCKROACH!



LISTEN, YOU INSECT-THAT-WALKS-LIKE-A-MAN! I PURCHASED THAT KEY LEGITIMATELY! IT'S MINE, AND I MEAN TO KEEP IT!

NO! IT MUST BE RETURNED TO MY WORLD--MALTESIA!

AH, EXCUSE ME--



I DON'T KNOW IF ANYONE'S NOTICED-- YOU ALL SEEMED TO BE TAKING THIS INDIVIDUAL'S APPEARANCE IN STRIDE...

... BUT IT SEEMS TO ME WE'RE DEALING WITH ONE VERY STRANGE PERSON!



UH, AN' JUST WHERE DOES THAT LEAVE YOU, SHORTSTOP?

WAIT, HOWARD MAY HAVE A POINT. NONE OF US REALLY OWN THE COSMIC KEY. WITHOUT HEARING HIM OUT, HOW CAN WE SAY WHETHER COCKROACH'S CLAIM TO IT IS LESS VALID THAN OUR OWN?

I THANK YOU
FOR THAT,
SHOALS, THOUGH
THE KEY SHALL
BE MINE IN
ANY CASE!

FOR YOU MERELY WANT IT
TO SEE JUSTICE DONE...
HANEY WOULD SELL IT...
AND HOWARD DOESN'T
WANT IT AT ALL! I, ON THE
OTHER HAND, NEED IT
IN ORDER TO EXIST!

CAN YOU POSSIBLY
CONCEIVE OF THE LIFE
LED BY THE LOWLY
COCKROACH? I THINK
NOT! IT IS A PERILOUS
SURVIVAL, BESET WITH
SUDDEN DANGERS...
LETHAL SPRAYS,
SMASHING SWATTERS,
HAMMERING HEELS!

SSSS
SWAAT

"AND FOR
WHAT? MERE
SUBSISTENCE? THE
RIGHT TO BREED IN
THE CRACKS IN YOUR
KITCHEN FLOOR?
TO DWELL IN YOUR
DRIPPING
DRAINS?"

WHAT KIND
OF LIFE IS THAT,
I ASK YOU, FOR
A BUG WHO'S
UPWARDLY
MOBILE?

SHEESH! I'VE HEARD
SOME LAME ORIGINS,
BUT THIS BOZO'S
EATS ALL!

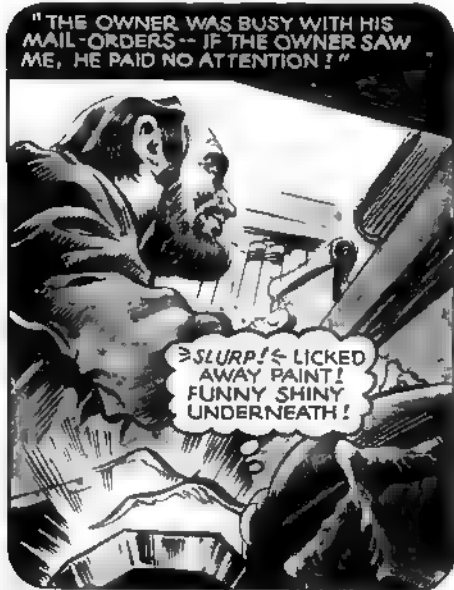


YOU SNICKER! YOU SCOFF!
I CAN SENSE IT! ALL MY LIFE
I'VE HEARD YOUR KIND SQUEAL,
"LOOK AT THE DIRTY ROACHY!"
AT THE MERE SIGHT
OF ME!

IT HURTS, I'LL TELL YOU! I TOOK TO HIDING
MYSELF IN DESK DRAWERS OUT OF SHAME,
MORTIFIED THAT I'D BE SEEN BY THOSE OF YOU
WHO COULDN'T LOOK AT A COCKROACH AND
SEE HIS DREAMS, HIS ASPIRATIONS
BENEATH THAT GLEAMING CARAPACE!



Hmm!
NEW
FOOD!



"THE OWNER WAS BUSY WITH HIS
MAIL-ORDERS -- IF THE OWNER SAW
ME, HE PAID NO ATTENTION!"

SLURP! LICKED
AWAY PAINT!
FUNNY SHINY
UNDERNEATH!



"THE 'FUNNY SHINY,' AS MY UNTUTORED INSECT
MIND CALLED IT, WAS THE JEWELLED COSMIC KEY.
AFTER A FEW LICKS, I BEGAN TO FEEL STRANGE..."

"... AND STAGGERED
TO THE PAPERBACK
SECTION IN THE
BACK OF THE SHOP
AS THE OWNER
CLOSED FOR THE
NIGHT!"

WONDER
IF THERE'S
STILL TIME
TO BEND THE
OL' ELBOW
AT McALEER'S?



"THERE, AMIDST THE SHADOWS
OF COUNTLESS BOOKS WHOSE
PAGES IT WAS MY WONT TO
DIGEST AT LEISURE..."

"... THE STRANGE, WONDERFUL TRANSFORM-
ATION BEGAN! I GREW FROM THE SIZE OF
A MILK DUD TO THAT OF A MAN IN ONE
SWIFT, STUNNING METAMORPHOSIS!"



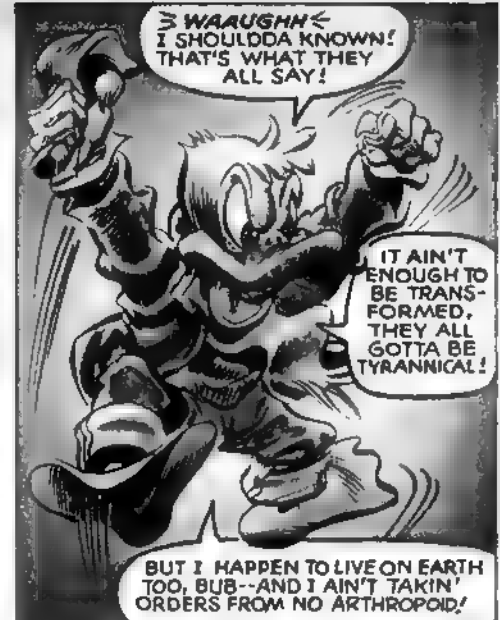
A TRANSFORMATION PROMPTED BY MY ATTEMPT TO INJECT THE COSMIC KEY-- THAT RAISED ME FROM AN INSIGNIFICANT INSECT TO THAT SUPER SPECIMEN OF THE SPECIES YOU SEE BEFORE YOU!

PHENOMENAL!

I LIKE TO THINK SO.

AWRIGHT, SO THE KEY MADE YOU WHAT YOU ARE! WHY NOT GIVE IT BACK?

NEVER! I NEED IT TO RULE THE WORLD!



WAAUGHH! I SHOULD'D KNOWN! THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY!

IT AIN'T ENOUGH TO BE TRANSFORMED. THEY ALL GOTTA BE TYRANNICAL!

BUT I HAPPEN TO LIVE ON EARTH TOO, BUB--AND I AIN'T TAKIN' ORDERS FROM NO ARTHROPOD!



SOON YOU WILL HAVE NO CHOICE, DUCK! WITH THE KEY IN MY POSSESSION, I CAN MUTATE OTHERS OF MY RACE, AND AT THE RATE WE ROACHES BREED...

BOO!

...WE'LL SOON OCCUPY ALL THE BEST APARTMENTS, LEAVING YOU AND HUMAN-KIND THE STREETS ON WHICH TO BREED!



BLAST IT, HE RUSHED OUT AFORE I COULD GRAB HIM! HE'S GETTIN' AWAY!

WE MUST APPREHEND HIM!

YEAH, WELL I'M ALREADY PRETTY APPREHENSIVE ABOUT HAVIN' TO FIGHT WITH A RACE OF ROACHES FOR RESERVED TABLES IN RESTAURANTS!

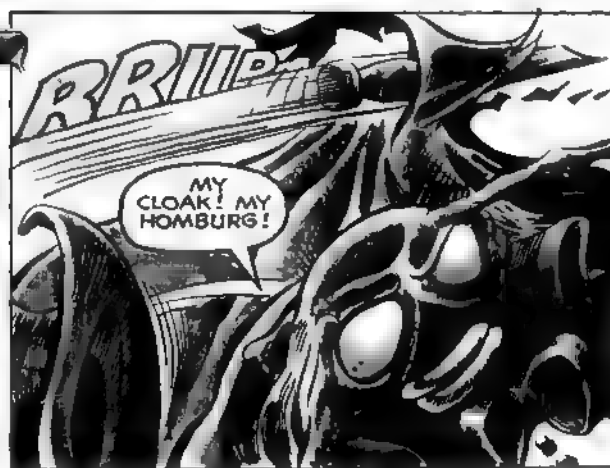


I ALREADY GOTTA TAKE A BACK SEAT TO YOU HAIRLESS APES! BUT TO A COCK-ROACH?

NO WAY!!

HE'S HEADIN' UPTOWN!

AND AGITATING THE ASTONISHED CITIZENRY!





I STAND REVEALED AND REVEILED BEFORE MY ENEMIES!

OOH, HE IS AN UGLY ONE!

HE'S CLIMBING THE FIRE ESCAPE INTO THE OLD COACH HOTEL!

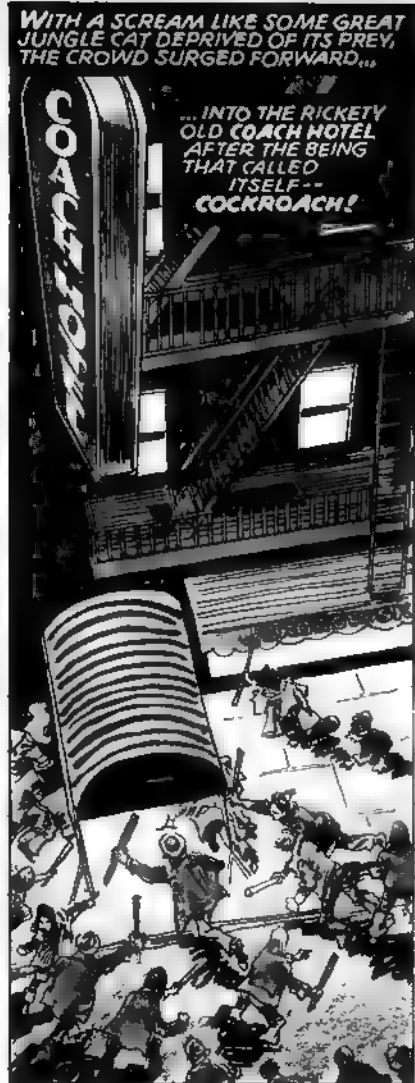
STONE HIM! BURN HIM OUT!



HOWL, HUMANS! CLAMOR OUT YOUR MINDLESS HATRED! YOU WILL NOT SHOUT FOR LONG!

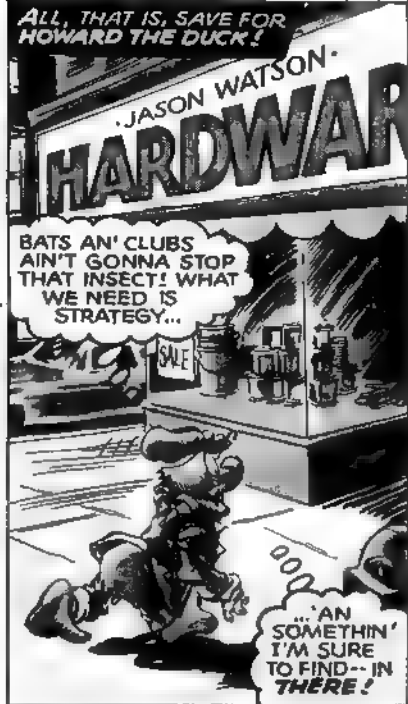
MY PEOPLE CALL TO ME FROM WITHIN THIS DWELLING! I HEAR THEM SQUEAKING, "SAVE US! SAVE US!"

AND TO MINE OWN KIND I WILL BE TRUE!



WITH A SCREAM LIKE SOME GREAT JUNGLE CAT DEPRIVED OF ITS PREY, THE CROWD SURGED FORWARD...

...INTO THE RICKETY OLD COACH HOTEL AFTER THE BEING THAT CALLED ITSELF-- COCKROACH!



ALL, THAT IS, SAVE FOR HOWARD THE DUCK!

BATS AN' CLUBS AIN'T GONNA STOP THAT INSECT! WHAT WE NEED IS STRATEGY...

...AN SOMETHIN' I'M SURE TO FIND-- IN THERE!



MOMENTS LATER, IN THE LOBBY OF THE COACH HOTEL...

YER, LOOKIN' FOR THE CROWD? THEY WENT THAT WAY, UP THE STAIRS, SHOUTIN' SOMETHIN' ABOUT BUGS!

STAIRS, huh? MIND IF I USE THE ELEVATOR?

BE MY GUEST.

IN THIS DUMP? NO, THANKS!



I COULD SEE FROM THE STREET THAT THIS IS A FOUR-STORY BUILDING! COCKROACH WENT IN ON THE SECOND FLOOR, AN' THE CROWD'LL BE CHASIN' HIM UP...

...TO WHERE I'LL BE WAITIN'!



MEANWHILE, ON THE HOTEL'S SEEDY SECOND FLOOR...

I TOLD YOU KIDS NOT TO LEAVE FOOD AROUND THE HOUSE!

DON'T WORRY, MOM...



I GOT THE RAID!

NO! NO! YEEARRGHHH!



EVEN AT MY GIANT SIZE I CANNOT LONG SURVIVE THE SPRAY OF THOSE ACCURSED AEROSOLS! I MUST ESCAPE!

CRASSH



THERE HE IS, BOYS!

AGAIN THE MOB FINDS ME, BEFORE I CAN CARRY OUT MY SACRED MISSION!

LET ME THROUGH! I'M AN EXTERMINATOR!

FRENZIED FOOLS! THOUGH I MAY BE THREATENED BY YOUR POTIONS AND POISONS, STILL AM I POSSESSED OF THE PROPORTIONATE STRENGTH OF A COCKROACH!

YOUR FLIMSY ARCHITECTURE IS AS MATCHWOOD BEFORE MY SLASHING LIMBS!

I'VE HEARD OF FALLING DOWN THE STAIRS, BUT THIS IS ABSURD!

BUT, EVEN AS THE STAIRCASE COLLAPSED IN A CHAOS OF

--AN ELEVATOR ASCENDED SILENTLY TO THE FLOOR ABOVE!

NO SIGN OF COCKROACH YET!

THE HUMANS ARE WOUNDED, BUT NOT FOR LONG! THEIR VERY HATRED OF MY SPECIES WILL SPUR THEIR RECOVERY!

I MUST FIND A NEST OF MY PEOPLE, MUTATE THEM USING THE POWER OF THE COSMIC KEY BEFORE I AM SET ON AGAIN!

THEN, WITH AN ARMY OF US ON THE MARCH, WE WILL BE UNSTOPPABLE!

I MUST KEEP GOING, ASCEND TO THE...

...FOURTH FLOOR! AMBUSH!

YOU! THE FOWL! ARE YOU A FOOL THAT YOU WOULD STAND IN MY WAY??

YEP.

YOU ARE MAD, MALLARD!
AND WORSE, IRRATIONAL!
WE ARE TWO OF A KIND--
BOTH STRANGERS IN A
STRANGE WORLD! NEITHER
OF US OWES ANYTHING
TO HUMANITY!

HERE! LET US
FORM AN UNHOLY
ALLIANCE! LICK THE
JEWELLED COSMIC
KEY... AND RULE
THE EARTH BY
MY SIDE!

ME AN' YOU,
COCKROACH?
SURE, WHY NOT?

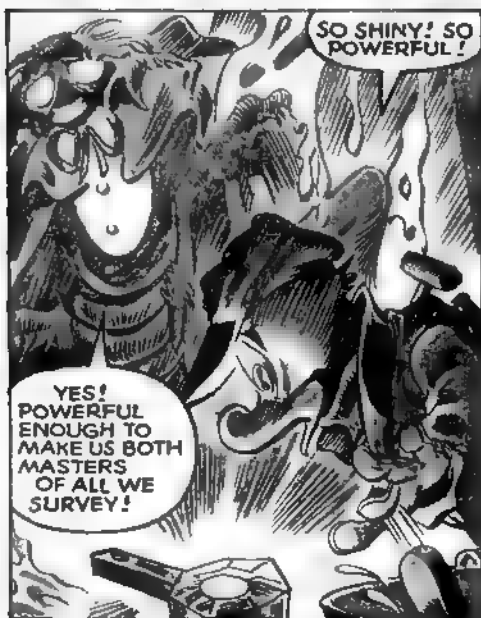
FOOL! I WAS MERELY MESMERIZING YOU,
TEMPTING YOU WITH TALES OF POWER TO
ENABLE ME TO DRAW NEAR ENOUGH
TO... LEAP!

EH? SOME-
THING CLINGING
TO MY LEGS AND
ANTENNAE AS I
BRUSH THE
WALL--?!

I'M STUCK!

YA DON'T SAY?
I WONDER IF
THE PASTE I
SPREAD ACROSS
THE FLOOR, UP THE
WALLS AN' ALONG
THE CEILIN' COULD
HAVE ANYTHIN'
TA DO WITH IT?

DRAST







SHOALS AND HANEY WEREN'T STARING AT HOWARD, BUT ABOVE HIM--

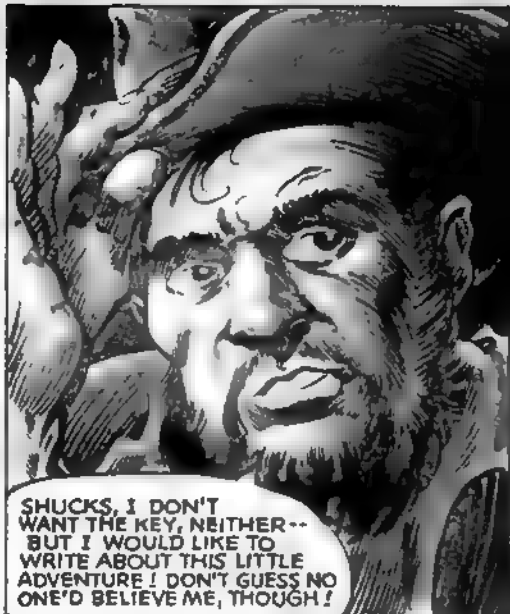


A SHORT TIME LATER, AFTER HOWARD HAS RETRIEVED HIS ILLEGALLY-PARKED CAB FROM IN FRONT OF THE BARGU BOOKSHOP, THE TRIO REASSEMBLES FOR ONE FINAL FAREWELL ON THE SCENE OF THEIR VICTORY OVER COCKROACH...

WELL, HOWARD-- YOU WON THE KEY AWAY FROM COCKROACH AND PROVED, BY YOUR DARING AND INITIATIVE THAT YOU HAVE AS MUCH RIGHT TO IT AS ANYONE ELSE. WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH YOUR PRIZE? RETURN TO DUCK-WORLD?



NAH! I'VE SEEN INTO THE HEART OF THE KEY, HEMLOCK-- WITNESSED ITS POWER! I DON'T TRUST IT TO DO AS I COMMAND! BESIDES, THERE'S BEV TO THINK OF...



SHUCKS, I DON'T WANT THE KEY, NEITHER-- BUT I WOULD LIKE TO WRITE ABOUT THIS LITTLE ADVENTURE! DON'T GUESS NO ONE'D BELIEVE ME, THOUGH!

THEN LET US GIVE THEM SOMETHING BY WHICH TO REMEMBER THIS DAY'S EVENTS, R.I.



A SIGN THEY CANNOT IGNORE, THAT WILL FIX IN THEIR MINDS THAT EARTH WAS INDEED IN DIRE DANGER, AND THAT THE BATTLE TO DEFEND IT WAS FOUGHT...

HERE!



YER A CARD, SHOALS OLE BUDDY!

A FITTING EPITAPH FOR OUR FALLEN FOE, DON'T YOU THINK? AFTER ALL, HE WASN'T REALLY EVIL... JUST OBNOXIOUS.



WELL, ah, I GUESS I'D BETTER BE GOIN' BACK TO CLEVELAND! IT'S A LONG DRIVE, AN'--

WAIT, HOWARD! I BROUGHT YOU HERE BY MANIPULATING DIMENSIONAL DISTANCES. IT IS ONLY RIGHT THAT I RETURN YOU TO OHIO IN THE SAME MANNER.



NO, PLEASE! THAT'S ALL RIGHT! I PREFER HAVING ALL FOUR WHEELS ON THE GROUND! I--

Ah, MY FEATHERED FRIEND, BUT I INSIST--!

ONCE AGAIN THERE WAS A RUSHING
AND A ROARING AS HOWARD'S
INTERDIMENSIONAL DOORS AT A
SNAP OF HEMLOCK SHOALS'
FINGERS! THEN THE BRIGHT GLARE
OF A CLEVELAND MORNING
ASSAULTED HIS SENSES, AND
HOWARD THE DUCK KNEW HE
WAS... HOME?

GET OUDDA
DA ROAD, YA
MORON! WHUDDA
YA TINK DIS IS,
A GARAGE?

BEEP
BEEP

WHAT'S
HOLDING
THINGS
UP?!

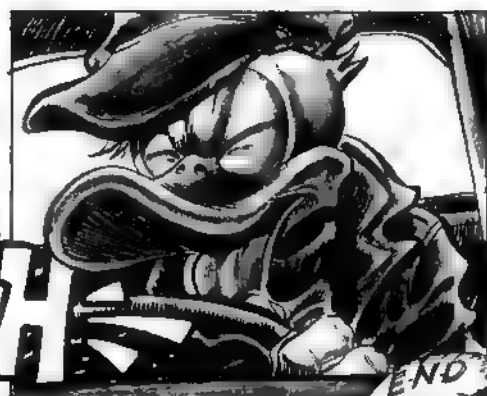
MOVE
THAT
HACK,
IDIOT!

TAXI
ON DUTY

BEEP

BACK TO
CLEVELAND,
ALL RIGHT...
BUT POINTED
THE **WRONG** WAY
AGAIN ON
ANOTHER
ONE-WAY
STREET!

WAAUGH



END

PLAYDUCK INTERVIEW

with TRUMAN CAPOULTRY

Scarcely five years ago, an incident occurred that had a profound effect on the national psyche, as well as on the mind and career of one of the nation's most provocative authors. The incident was the strange disappearance of the drake known as "Howard Blank" before a live audience at a presidential speech in Wackington DC. Truman Capoultry, already renowned for such prose documentaries as "In Cold Water" and "Breakfast at Tuffany's," saw the now-famous footage shot by QBC news-heren Webb McGroober and was captivated by it. Here was perhaps the most astounding occurrence ever recorded by camera in front of hundreds of witnesses: the vanishing of a duck into thin air. Capoultry saw the raw material here for his next major fictional documentary. Over the next three and a half years, he set forth ex-

haustively researching the incident, interviewing eyewitnesses to the event, and every person who owned up to knowing "Howard Blank." The information, once compiled, took a year to distill into novelized form. The result was *DUCKING OUT THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF A DUCK NAMED HOWARD*, a spellbinding account of the last twenty-four hours of Howard's life on Earth, the circumstances of his disappearance, and his current whereabouts. In past months, the editors of *PLAYDUCK* have been honored to serialize this controversial ducu-novel to be released in paperback by Quacmillan Books in April. In conjunction with this final installment of *DUCKING OUT*, we have sent freelance interviewer Mark Gruenwaugh to conduct the first major interview with Capoultry since his 1971 best-seller,

"The Gay Drake." Gruenwaugh describes the sessions.

"I knew in advance that Truman would be a tough quacker to interview. His reclusive but flamboyant lifestyle, his aversion to anonymity and fame, and his unabiding contempt for the press all gave me good reason to be apprehensive. Yet when I met Truman at his Duckhattan apartment, he seemed a changed drake—something in the course of writing his latest work had had a profound effect on him, even as the incident he wrote about had on many of the eye-witnesses. In fact, I had even suspected that Truman had become a WACKIE (Witness of the Ascension Cult), a gaggle of fanatic believers in Howard's secular sacrifice. I began my interview with this topic."

PLAYDUCK: *DUCKING OUT* promises



"I've grown to identify with Howard. I see his plight as a parable of modern duckkind."



"I do not believe that duckkind is the only intelligent lifeform in the universe, nor that ours is the only universe in existence."



"Everyone should take note: Don't lose your grip on reality or it may lose its grip on you."

to be your most popular work to date. How has it changed you?

CAPOULTRY: Well, after spending four years living and breathing a single subject, one becomes very involved in it. The search for Howard was one of the most challenging assignments I ever set out for myself. It began as a magazine article for *The New Yorker* and blossomed into... an obsession. I've grown to identify with Howard. I see his plight as a parable of modern duckkind.

PLAYDUCK: There is hardly a drake in the U.S. who has not seen the famous footage of his disappearance. Some seem to be traumatized by it; the WACKies have made him into a martyr. How similar is their viewpoint to yours?

CAPOULTRY: While they may have gotten a bit carried away with some of their acts of fanaticism, the WACKies are championing a valid point that I agree with: society is causing the individual to vanish.

PLAYDUCK: Is this what Howard meant to represent?

CAPOULTRY: Not consciously.

PLAYDUCK: What do we really know about this nebbish of a duck?

CAPOULTRY: Precious little that distinguishes him from the run-of-the-pond drake. In fact, my research indicated that it was his very unremarkableness that distinguishes him. All those who claim to have known him told me the same thing: he was the most extraordinary nebbish they've ever known.

PLAYDUCK: I'm not sure I understand. How can he be extraordinary if there's nothing that distinguishes him from your average drake?

CAPOULTRY: I did not mean to imply that he was average. He was very un-average. He didn't fit into any category, least of all the common one. Because his rugged individualism was so potentially threatening and disruptive, Howard created a blind for himself, an appearance of blending in. I am convinced that he spent years trying to attain absolute anonymity for himself, the way others spend years trying to become famous. Somehow he managed to destroy or alter virtually all government records of himself, in an attempt to become a non-entity. He seemed obsessed with it, as if it were a reaction to his out-of-placedness. It was like a bid for non-existence.

PLAYDUCK: If Howard managed to go to such lengths to remain unknown—to the extent that we are not really even sure of his last name—how did you find out so much about him?

CAPOULTRY: Well, for one thing I gained access to the President's Warden Report. Since Howard disappeared in front of the president during a televised speech, it became a subject of official in-

quiry. The leading theory had been that Howard accidentally stumbled into some sort of disintegration ray intended for the President. My book, of course, thoroughly discredits this notion.

PLAYDUCK: Before we go into that, mind giving us your views on what Howard was doing at a political rally? If he was so neurotic about his privacy, why would he make such a public appearance?

CAPOULTRY: As I explained in my novel which you obviously have not read, I am convinced that it was a fluke he was even there at all. From most reports, he was on his way to the drug-store to buy some cigars when he was swept up in the crowd of demonstrators denouncing President Duxon's domestic policy. Before he knew it, he was at front of the crowd, in front of all the cameras. And then—poof, he was gone.

PLAYDUCK: The cosmic axis shifted on him, as the bookjacket says.

CAPOULTRY: Right.

PLAYDUCK: Probably the aspect of *DUCKING OUT* that has created the fervor—at least among our readers—is your speculations as to Howard's fate.

CAPOULTRY: The are not speculations, Mr. Gruenwaugh. They are insights.

PLAYDUCK: Alright then, Insights. Would you mind explaining where you got the notion that Howard simply popped out of reality and ended up on some fantastical alternate world?

CAPOULTRY: Your skepticism is not very well disguised. Anyway, about a year ago, as I was in the midst of writing my duckuscript, I began having these very odd vivid dreams. They were about Howard. At first I squawked it up to over-work. Yet never before have I had such vivid dreams. They began with the sensation of falling through space—not black space, as we know it, but a strange sort of grey space. Drifting, without sensation, in absence of natural law. For about a week I had the same dream. Then one night I dreamt Howard arrived somewhere. It was a strange world inhabited by creatures unlike anything here on Earth. They were bipedal like ourselves, but giants two or three times our size, much like apes in the zoo except that they were hairless but for the tops of their heads and the interface of their limbs and torso. These creatures were almost as intelligent as ourselves, and even had a society that parodies our own in major respects. They called their kind "humans."

PLAYDUCK: These "humans" have become quite a topic of controversy if we can believe the letters in our *PLAYDUCK FORUM* [Editor's note. We can.] Some have called your ideas heretical, some pass it off as a fad like Von Danikwak's

Ponds of the Gods stir a few years ago. Can you in all conscience say you believe in these humans?

CAPOULTRY: Emphatically yes. I do not believe that duckkind is the only intelligent lifeform in the universe, nor that ours is the only universe in existence. I believe there are all sorts of baroque variations on our species on other worlds, places where the dominant lifeform may be mice, dogs, cats, woodpeckers, magpies, even creatures that have no counterpart here on Earth—like the hairless apes.

PLAYDUCK: How is it that Howard happened upon the world of hairless apes rather than any of these others?

CAPOULTRY: I don't wish to get into the metaphysics. But the point is: despite his being born in our world, Howard didn't belong here—he didn't fit in—and somehow some cosmic power saw that and took him away.

PLAYDUCK: To a place where he would fit in better?

CAPOULTRY: Not really. Certainly a place where he fit in as well as here. I don't think Howard would fit in anywhere—he's a singularity, an anomaly—wherever he goes, he's out of place. And because of that, he is fated to never find a place to belong—a home. And that, to me, is Howard's significance to us: we all are to a certain degree out of place. One of Howard's last recorded words were—

PLAYDUCK: "I don't belong here. I'm trapped in a world I never made." It's become a litany among the WACKies these days.

CAPOULTRY: Yes it has. While all of us feel that way sometimes, for some of us it may be true all the time.

PLAYDUCK: You're saying that there are other potential Howards who may one day just duck out of sight?

CAPOULTRY: Probably others who already have. Howard simply had the fortune of being recorded on film as having done so. Check your missing person bureau.

PLAYDUCK: Do you think Howard is happy where he is?

CAPOULTRY: About as happy as he'd be had he remained here. The paradoxical thing is that he is adept at adaptability while being unassimilable. I think he may even get to the point where he will lose touch with the reality he is in, and duck out of that world, too. Everyone should take note: Don't lose your grip on reality or it may lose its grip on you.

PLAYDUCK: Metaphysics aren't that interesting to our readers. How about telling us your ideas on how a female hairless ape can get down with a drake?

CAPOULTRY: In my view, it's a matter

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 88)

THE OLD DRAKE'S TALE

from The Anatidian Chronicles... as translated by Sir James Mallardy

Long, long ago, in the time before the great flood, there lived in the land of Anastis a wizened old drake by the name of Widgeon. Now Widgeon was a drake of great wealth and power, having plied the rivers of Anastis for over half a century (as we now tell the passing of time), and in that time he had built a mighty empire of shipping and trading. His wealth had grown and grown until it rivalled that of the fabled Emperor Penguin himself! The gold in his coffers equalled not merely twenty times Widgeon's weight, but twenty times twenty! Precious gems and pearls as large as a young gosling spilled from the many chests in his counting house. And, in all the lands around, none save royalty lived as well as Widgeon.

Yet, for all his wealth and power, Widgeon was not loved. He had, you see, come into his wealth through the basest of business dealings, undercutting his competitors and doublecrossing anyone foolish enough to enter a partnership with him. And so, while Widgeon's fortunes grew, the good ducks of the land came to curse his name beneath their breath.

"No one appreciates a successful business-duck," grouched Widgeon one day. "The towns-ducks all hate me... they can't wait for me to die." It was then that a sudden realization struck the old drake.

"Why... one day I shall die! And then, this beautiful estate, my businesses, all that I have worked and connived for will fall into other hands! But my riches must not go to those who hate me! I must have an heir... I must have a son!" So saying, the old drake waddled off to contract a marriage broker — for such was the custom in those days — and that very evening, the broker delivered to Widgeon the most beautiful young duck the island kingdoms had ever seen.

Barely more than a duckling, her name was Mareca, and her beauty was like the lily floating on a still pond. From the tip of her bill to the webbing 'twixt her toes, she was a vision of feathery pulchritude. But all her beauty was wasted on Widgeon, for he was a duck of many years, nearly into his dotage, and knew nothing of the arts of love and loving. And, though he was a good provider, he never said so much

as a feather on Mareca's fair form.

So it was that after a year had passed and Mareca had laid no egg, Widgeon began to worry. "Oh, woe! Still I have no heir!" wheezed the old drake. "Surely, I have failed under some curse." And, thinking his problems to be of supernatural causes, he sent his servants out in search of a learned duck who might show him how to break his curse.

Now, that very day, there happened to pass through the marketplace a young, wandering sorcerer by the name of Merganser. A handsome drake was Merganser, and his bright eyes gleamed beneath his hood as he heard Widgeon's servants make their inquiries in the town. "I can help your master!" he boldly declared, and the towns-ducks all jeered, for their hatred of Widgeon was as great as the cat's dislike of water. Nevertheless, the old drake's servants conducted the sorcerer to their master, for they were fearful of what might befall them, were they to return empty-winged.

Brought before the business-duck, the crafty Merganser bowed deeply and spake: "Great Widgeon, though I am but half your age, I have traveled far and learned much... and I guarantee that I can lift this curse that keeps you childless."

Hearing this, the old drake's heart leapt with joy. "If you can insure that I have a son, sorcerer, a third of my riches shall be yours!"

"Agreed!" cried Merganser. "I shall begin at once! The first thing I must do is examine your wife."

So honey-tongued was the young drake, so subtle his magicks, that old Widgeon had his wife brought before them at once... and that was nearly Merganser's undoing. For, the moment he beheld Mareca, he was caught up in a spell as powerful as any he had ever woven. Her beauty was such that it entranced the sorcerer. And, in truth, she was not unaffected by his presence, for she was a vibrant young duck in the bloom of youth, and she did pine for affection.

"If you would leave us...?" quacked Merganser. "My magicks could take a while, and I am sure your businesses cry for your attention." And with little more prodding than that, the old fool left them in his study.

Once alone, the sorcerer took Mareca in his wings and comforted her, as she began to cry. "Oh, handsome sir, do not teach that old scoundrel what it means to be a husband. He has not touched me in all the twelvemonth of our marriage, and I would leave it stay that way."

A gentle smile ran across Merganser's bill, and he began to squawk with glee. "Fear not, fair-feathered one. I have no intention of aiding your master in that way... I know him for what he is! Still and all, I think we can provide him with an heir!" That evening, when Widgeon returned to his study, he was met by a grim-faced Merganser and a sobbing Mareca. "Gracious sire," the sorcerer began, "I fear it is not you who are cursed, but your wife. She shall never bear you an heir."

A look of anger rolled over the old drake's bill. "Wretched hen!" he puffed, turning on his young bride. "I'll make you wish you'd never been hatched!"

"No, sire!" cried Merganser, clutching at the old one's wing. "To attack Mareca would only transfer the curse to you! Besides, there is yet a way in which you yourself could have a son!"

"But I am a drake," croaked the wheezing fowl. "I cannot lay an egg!"

"Even so," assured the sorcerer, "my magicks can create an egg which will bring you forth a son... a son nearly full-grown! Come!" And, leading the shaken Widgeon into the great hall of his estate, Merganser began to order the servants about — having them move a huge cauldron into the room's center and assemble a mighty kiln in the great fireplace.

In the kiln he formed a gigantic egg, an egg so perfectly formed in two halves, that those halves fit together showing nary a seam. Then, Merganser turned his attention to preparing two draughts... one to be poured into the egg, the other to be poured into Widgeon. The first was a smelly brew, containing some of the old drake's tail feathers, as well as scrapings from his bill and webbed toes. But the second was a pleasanter liquid, made from certain herbs and strong spirits.

Finally, with the skill of a brewer, Merganser decanted the smelly fluid into the egg and sealed it

tight. Then he built a hasty nest around it and beckoned Widgeon near. "Now comes the most important step!" he warned the old drake. "You must climb atop the egg and hatch it!"

"Hatch it?!" cried the drake. "But that will take..."

"But a night!" assured the sorcerer. "Here, drink this potion! It will attune you to the rhythms of the egg. Then, with but a night of sitting, you shall have your son!"

"Very well," said Widgeon. And, draining the cup, he climbed atop the egg. In moments, the potion took effect, and he fell sound asleep.

No sooner did his snoring fill the room, than a door opened and Mareca entered, pulling her young brother after her. Directing the two ducks to the egg, Merganser slid old Widgeon off its surface and carefully drained every drop of the smelly solution into the cesspool... replacing the liquid with Mareca's brother!

"Be very still now," whispered Merganser to the young duck. "I have left just enough of an opening for you to take breath. When you hear the old drake begin to stir, then you can stir, too." And, bidding the future heir farewell, Mareca and Merganser loaded a wagon with a third of Widgeon's treasury and stole off into the night.

When dawn finally broke, Widgeon felt wakefulness creep back over his bones. And then he felt something... different. He looked beneath him and saw the egg, and then he remembered! And, as he remembered, the egg suddenly shook violently... once... twice... and it was asunder, spilling the blinking young duckling out of the nest.

"My son!" cried Widgeon, clutching the duckling to his breast.

"Mother?" mumbled the duckling.

"Yes... YES!" quacked Widgeon joyously. "I am your father... but I am also your mother!" And, still holding the duckling to him, the old fool of a drake ran out into the marketplace, laughing and quacking and shouting at the top of his lungs:

"I'm a mother! Do you hear? I'm a mother! And all the ducks of the town had to agree.



MS. AMY QUAKTON

BIRDS IN BONDAGE!

A PLAYDUCK Expose



The heartbreaking photograph you see on this page is not an outtake from a movie; not a posed fantasy from a drake's magazine. It's real, and it is just the tip of the iceberg of poultry slavery that still exists in our world! Read on as PLAYDUCK investigative reporter Baak Waaker reveals the truth of the wide traffic in BIRDS IN BONDAGE!

At first the mind refuses to believe. But it's true. Here, in the most sophisticated, civilized city in America exists a gang of foreign fiends and local lechers whose shameful livelihood is earned through the innocent and helpless bodies of their fellow creatures. PLAYDUCK infiltrated this dastardly organization by posing as an agent of an eastern country interested in a new supply for hens for the potentate's harem. It took only the greasing of various feathered hands and I was ushered into the dank, close basement within which the beauties pictured on this page were caged together in hopeless misery. Too shocked and terrified to quack or cluck, these victims of drake lust huddled, shaking, beneath the threatening whips of their captors!

Truthfully, this reporter found the situation shocking almost beyond belief!

After Attending Bhagduck Charm School....



The Prisoner Of Ducks

By Norman Mallard

A stunning foray into the embattled relationships between modern drakes and ducks. Have the proponents of Ducky Lib so twisted the reality of these relations as to imply the subjugation of duck by drake when exactly the opposite is true?

Sometimes the Prisoner thought ducks had begun to withdraw respect from drakes when egg-laying lost its danger. For once Duktur Beakwaak discovered the cause of nest fever the duck began to be insulated from the dramatic possibility of the loss of feathers. When feather-loss was a real, potent possibility the duck looked at her drake with eyes of love or hate, but as *important* — the creature that could bring to her bliss or sorrow, a full flock of feathers or none. Now the drake is, it seems, no more than a surrogate duck, taking courses in how to sit on eggs, waaking in fear at the thought of upsetting the brooding, snappish duck.

Technology, then, by increasing duckdom's power over nature, reduced the drake before the duck.

Unhappily, the Prisoner is given to opening up more subjects than he's able to close. Ducks and drakes molt each other in the years of their love if it's a half-love, or a love drenched with hate, or a love bleak as the resigned air of mates who have become friends... The mass of drakes and ducks molt each other slowly in the years of their nestling together, or pass the molting on to their eggs. It's worth the reminder that becoming more masculine doesn't involve simple "imprinting."

Still he had not answered the question with which he began.

Continued on Page 112



ASHAMED?
DESPONDENT?
LOSING
FEATHERS?



Don't let pathological molting ruin your life!

Turn to FEATHERMORE!
This fantastic new method brings quick replacement of feathers lost through injury, illness, or sordid activities.

Don't let this happen to you!

Send for your FEATHERMORE by August 1st and receive a watch that grinds, whips, and performs brain surgery!

THE DREADCLIFF CUCKOOS!

CHAPTER ONE: MEETING OF SO-CALLED MINDS

YOUR BEDROOMS ARE THIS WAY. I'M SURE YOU'LL FIND THEM TO YOUR LIKING. DREADCLIFF MANOR IS A LOVELY PLACE TO SPEND AN EVENING... OR AN ETERNITY!

LOTSA NIGHTLIFE AROUND HERE, HUH?

IT IS THE WIND, MS. SWITZLER WE SUFFER FROM DRAFTS.

ZZZZZZ

WHAT A WOVEWY PWACE! IF ONWY PAUWL WEWE AWAKE TO SEE IT!

WWHOOOOO

TAKE IT FROM ME, WINDA-- YOUR BOYFRIEND'S ALREADY SEEN THIS PLACE... IN HIS NIGHTMARES!

WAAUGH

WAAUCK INDEED, HOWARD! FOR YOU, DAUNTLESS DUCK, HAVE FALLEN INTO THE AGE-OLD TRAP-- THE BELIEF THAT YOU CAN GET SOMETHING FOR NOTHING. WHEN, AS YOU WELL KNOW, IT'S FAR MORE LIKELY IN LIFE THAT YOU'LL GET NOTHING FOR SOMETHING!

DESPITE LIFE'S COUNTLESS BRUTAL AND SOMETIMES MURDEROUS ATTEMPTS TO TEACH US OTHERWISE, WE PERSIST IN BELIEVING IN THE TOOTH FAIRY, IN SANTA CLAUS OR OTHER EVEN MORE UNLIKELY WISH-FULFILLMENTS.

IN THIS CASE, A FREE TRIP TO DREADCLIFF MANOR VIA A SUPER-MARKET COUPON NEITHER BEV, PAUL, WINDA NOR HOWARD CAN REMEMBER FILLING OUT... A FREEBIE! THE CHANCE TO ESCAPE CLEVELAND FOR A WHILE.

SO WHY THE DUCK BUMPS, OH FOWL OF FEAR?!

JUST FOLLOW MISS DANBERRY, ESCAPEE MAID FROM THE PAGES OF THE ADDAMS FAMILY!

... AND THIS IS THE MASTER BEDROOM.

Uh, LOVELY 'BLACK HOLE' DECOR, MISS DANBERRY!

IT'S SO DAWK I CAN'T SEE MY HAND IN FWONT OF MY FACE!

I REALIZE THIS CANDLELIGHT TOUR IS GREAT ON ATMOSPHERE, BUT I'D PREFER A LITTLE LIGHT...

NO! DON'T TOUCH THAT!

WAAK!

FORGIVE ME, MR DLCK... THE STORM OUTSIDE HAS PLAYED HAVOC WITH THE LOCAL POWER LINES

TOUCHING THAT SWITCH COULD BE BAD FOR YOUR HEALTH.

I AIN'T HARDA HEARIN', DANBERRY! I WOULD'A STILL GOT THE MESSAGE IF YOU'D SHRIEKED A FEW DECIBELS LOWER!

GRINNING LIKE A LOON, MISS DANBERRY LIGHTS EVERY CANDLE IN THE ROOM... WHICH STILL LEAVES IT IN SHADOW.

SAY, THIS ISN'T BAD!

OH, BEVEWY, IT'S SIMPLY MAWVEWOUS! CANDWEIGHT IS SO WOMANTIC!

WHO'RE YA KIDDIN'? I GIVE YA TWENTY-FOUR HOURS WITHOUT YER NAIL POLISH DRIERS BEFORE YA START SCREAMIN' FOR CIVILIZATION!

NOW, MS WESTER--IF YOU AND MR. SAME WILL BE SO GOOD AS TO FOLLOW ME, I'LL SHOW YOU TO YOUR ROOM ACROSS THE HALL.

ZZZZZ

MR. SAME LOOKS AS IF HE COULD USE A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP.

OH, NO, MISS DANBEWWY! PAJW'S AWWAYS WIKE THAT! IT'S A DISABILITY!

AFTER PAUL AND WINDA LEAVE...

THERE'S SOMETHIN' FISHY GOIN' ON AROUND HERE!

HOWARD, THIS IS THE FIRST VACATION WE'VE HAD TOGETHER--AND IT'S FREE! WILL YOU JUST RELAX?

HOW CAN I RELAX WITH THIS ALARM GOIN' OFF IN MY HEAD?

AND IT STARTED GOIN' OFF TWO DAYS AGO, AS YOU AND BEV WERE COMIN' HOME FROM THE SUPER-MARKET...

YA DON'T GET NOTHIN' FOR NOTHIN', BEV.

Sheesh! YOU MUST'VE BEEN BORN A REPUBLICAN, DUCKY.

DIDN'T YOU EVER HEAR THE SAYING, 'THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE FREE'?

SO ARE THE WORST THINGS, TODDS!

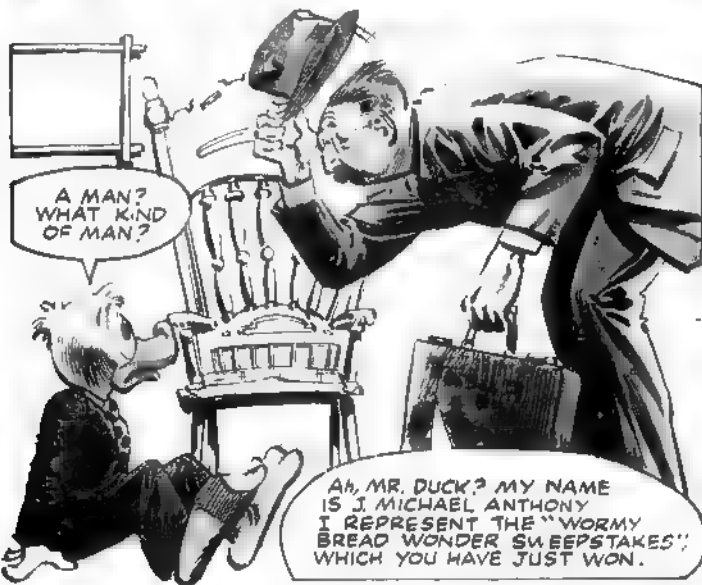
THERE AIN'T NO SUCH THING AS A FREE RIDE, BEV! EVERYTHING IN LIFE'S GOT A PRICE TAG--OR A COMPUTER PRICING CODE!

NOW WHERE'D I PUT MY BLASTED HOUSE KEYS?

IN YOUR PANTS POCKET, DUCKY

NO WONDER I CAN'T FIND 'EM!

NEVER HAD THIS PROBLEM WHEN ALL I WORE WAS A JACKET...







AH, WHAT AM I TALKING ABOUT? MUST BE THIS HOUSE, TOOTS-- IT'S GOT ME SPOOKED!

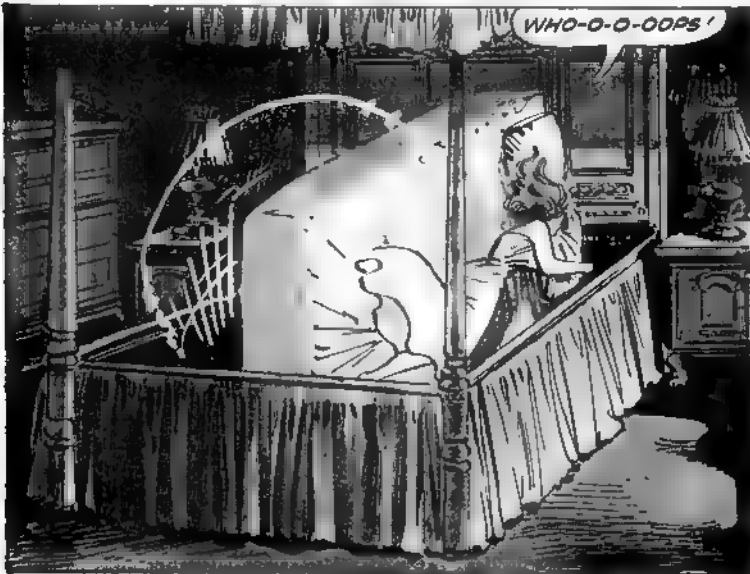


AWW, DUCKY, HOW 'BOUT CONCENTRATING ON PASSION INSTEAD OF PARANOIA? THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.

BUT IF IT'LL CALM YOU DOWN, I'LL SEE IF THE ELECTRICITY'S BACK ON BY TURNING ON THE--



--LIGHT!



WHO-O-O-OOPS!

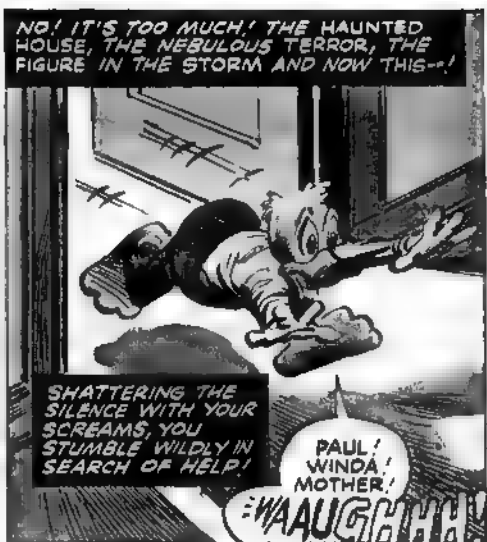


BEV? YOU SAY SOMETHIN'?



BEV?!!

WAAKE BEV! BEVERLY! WHERE D'YA GO?!!



NO! IT'S TOO MUCH! THE HAUNTED HOUSE, THE NEBULOUS TERROR, THE FIGURE IN THE STORM AND NOW THIS--!

SHATTERING THE SILENCE WITH YOUR SCREAMS, YOU STUMBLE WILDLY IN SEARCH OF HELP!

PAUL! WINDA! MOTHER!

WAAUGHHH!!

WHY, HOWARD-- WHAT'S WWWW? YOU WOOL AS IF YOU'VE SEEN A SPIWIT!

??????????

WINDA, IT'S BEV! ONE MINUTE SHE WAS LYING BACK ALL SOFT AN' SEXY IN BED, HER ARMS OUTSTRETCHED TOWARD ME.

AND THEN YOU TOOK FWIGHT? OH, HOW SWEET, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WEWE STIWW A VIWGIN, HOWARD!

LOOK, FORGET MASTERS AND JOHNSON-- START PLAYIN COLUMBO, HUH?

BELIEVE ME, IT AIN'T BEV'S AMOROUS ATTENTIONS I'M RUNNING FROM!

IT'S THE LACK OF THEM, BEV'S GONE, WINDA!

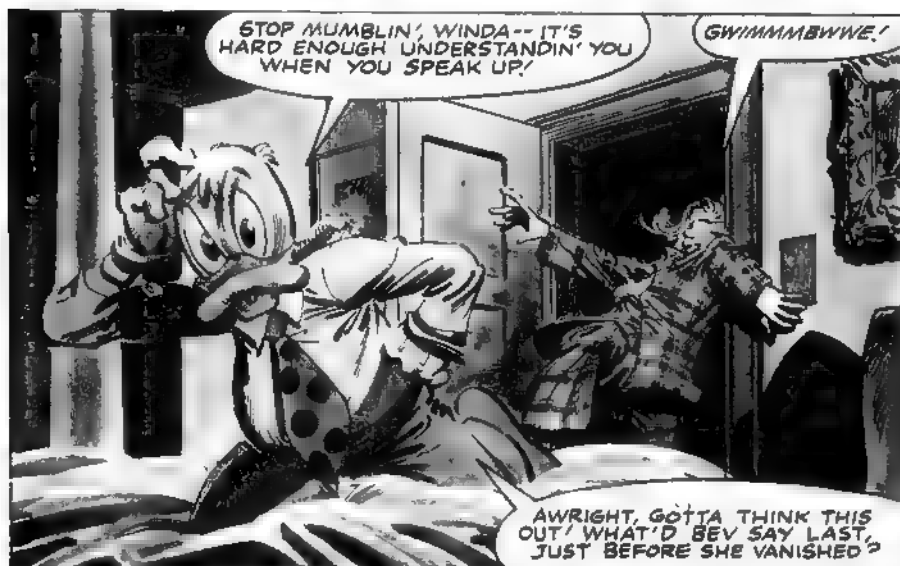
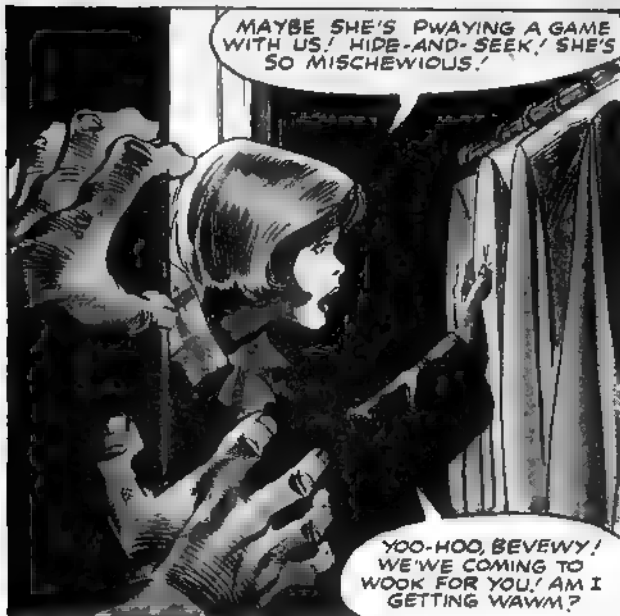
DISAPPEARED! VANISHED! PFFFT!

HOW UNWIK BEVEWY-- SHE TAKES HEW SEX SO SEWIOUSLY!

AWE YOU CEWTAIN SHE DIDN'T JUST GET UP TO GO TAKE HEW PIWW? A GIWL CAN'T BE TOO SAFE, YOU KNOW!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? BEV DIDN'T GET UP AND WALK OUT! SHE WAS SNATCHED FROM BED!

WEWW, PEWWAPS SHE'S HEWE SOME-WHEWE! YOU WOOL UNDEW THE BED, I'WW CHECK IN THE CWOSET!



YOU SWAY ABOVE THE INKY
ABYSS AND WISH FOR THE
SIMPLE ABILITY TO FLY--
SOMETHING THE UNEVOLVED
DUCKS OF THIS WORLD
CAN STILL DO!

WAAKE T-THIS MUST
BE WHAT HAPPENED
TO BEV-- ONE MINUTE
SNUG IN BED, AND THE
NEXT-- ONLY MAYBE
SHE DIDN'T HAVE
ANYTHIN' TO HANG
ONTO...

WAUGH

THIS SHEET
MUST'VE GOT
SNAGGED IN THE
MECHANISM WHEN
THE BED TURNED
OVER-- SAVED MY
NECK! BUT I
CAN'T HANG
HERE ALL NIGHT!

HUH? MAYBE I
AIN'T A DEAD DUCK YET--
THE GLOW FROM MY CIGAR'S
ILLUMINATIN' A DOOR SET
IN THE WALL OF THE SHAFT!

BUT THAT SAME GLOW'S ALSO
SETTIN' FIRE TO MY LIFE-LINE!

HERE
GOES
NOTHIN'!!

HEROICS AREN'T
EXACTLY YOUR
CUP OF TEA.

ON THE OTHER
WING, IT'S THAT
OR THE BLACK
ABYSS!

IT COULD BE
A FEW FEET
TO THE BOT-
TOM-- OR A
FEW HUNDRED!

YOU CHOOSE
NOT TO FIND
OUT.

BEV WAS RIGHT
ABOUT ONE THING.
THIS ISN'T CLEVE-
LAND! BEV... I
JUST HOPE SHE
DIDN'T TAKE
THAT PLUNGE.

IF IT WASN'T FOR
BEV I WOULDN'T
BE IN THIS MESS
IF IT WASN'T FOR
BEV I COULD RUN
AWAY, JUST LIKE
A DRAKE IN HIS
RIGHT MIND!

...BOTH
WOMEN / ONLY
THE DUCK HAS SO
FAR ESCAPED US.

Uh-oh!
VOICES.
COMIN'
CLOSER!

IT'S NOT THAT I'M ANTI-SOCIAL,
BUT I'D JUST AS SOON NOT
LET THESE TURKEYS KNOW
THE DUCK LIVES!

HIDDEN BEHIND THE DRAPES, YOU BREATHE
THE NEGLECTED DUST OF DECADES...

BEAK-TICKLING
DUST THAT
THREATENS A
SNEEZE.

A SNEEZE THAT DIES UN-SNEEZED THANKS TO THE SIGHT
THAT SIGHS IN THROUGH THE DINING ROOM DOOR!

'WHO' YERSELF, BOZO...
WHEN, WHERE, WHY AN'
WHATEVER! WE WON
US A VACATION, ALL
RIGHT--

--SO WHY
AIN'T I
RELAXIN'?

WHAT AT FIRST SEEMED A
GHOST, NOW REVEALS
ITSELF AS A GUY
IN A GREY SUIT..

...AND SHROUD
BECOMES SHEET.

SHIVERING WITH A COMBINATION OF REPRESSED
SNEEZES AND RIGHTEOUS RAGE, YOU WATCH AS
MISS DANBERRY, SMIRKING, DRIFTS THROUGH
THE DOORWAY.

I TRIED SCARING THE
GUY IN THE NIGHTGOWN,
BUT HE'S REALLY OUT
OF IT!

HE IS UNIMPORTANT
AND, COMATOSE, PRESENTS
NO DANGER TO US.

IT IS THE
WESTER WOMAN AND
THE DUCK WE WANTED!

WELL, AT LEAST
WE HAVE ONE OF
THEM!

WHO ARE YOU?
AND WHAT'S THE
BIG IDEA?

MAYBE THEY WANT
US TO DANCE, BEVEWY!

STILL HIDDEN, YOU GAPE AT BEV AND WINDA
HUNG ABOVE THE DINING
ROOM TABLE LIKE CAPTURED HORS D'OEUVRES!

MISS DANBERRY'S PLUCKISH
SMILE IS NOT REASSURING!



NO, DEAR WINDA!
YOU WERE NOT BROUGHT
HERE TO BE EXHIBITED--

--BUT TO BE DISSECTED! IT IS
YOUR MIND, NOT YOUR BODY,
THAT INTERESTS US!



AND IT IS THE VERY LAYERS OF
YOUR CONSCIOUSNESS THAT WE
MEAN TO STRIP AWAY THAT WE
MIGHT DISCOVER THE LATENT
PSY-POWER HIDDEN THEREIN!



NUWSE
BAWBAWA!!

WINDA, YOU
MEAN YOU
KNOW OUR
ABDUCTRESS?
I'M AFRAID SO, BEVEWY!
NUWSE BAWBAWA WAS
IN CHARGE OF HOWARD
AND I WHEN WE WERE
INCAWCEWATED IN THAT
CWEVEWAND MENTAWL
HOSPITAWL! *

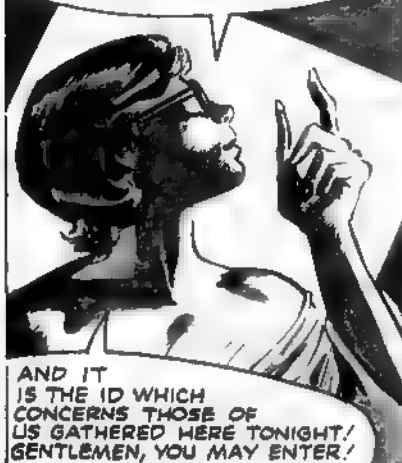


*HTD COLOR
COMIC #13
--Lynn.



CORRECT, MY DEAR, AND DO YOU ALSO
REMEMBER THAT, IT WAS DURING YOUR
STAY AT OUR, AH, "REST HOME" THAT YOU
FIRST EXHIBITED INCREDIBLE MENTAL POWERS?

IN SOME UNEXPLAINED WAY YOU,
WINDA WESTER, ARE CAPABLE
OF SUMMONING FORTH CREATURES
FROM THE ID!



AND IT
IS THE ID WHICH
CONCERNS THOSE OF
US GATHERED HERE TONIGHT!
GENTLEMEN, YOU MAY ENTER!

WHY THANK YOU,
NURSE BARBARA!



GENTLEMEN? THE FIRST TO ENTER IS NO
GENTLEMAN, BUT A CLEANLINESS CRU-
SADER FROM THE SUNSHINE STATE, A
FANATIC WHO ONCE TRIED TO CLEANSE
YOUR MIND OF ITS ACERBIC WIT.

THE SINISTER 500FI, HEAD
OF A HIDEOUS ORGANIZA-
TION PLEDGED TO SAVE
OUR OFFSPRING FROM
INDECENCY!

THE NEXT BOZO, TOO, IS KNOWN TO YOU-- BUT LET NURSE BARBARA CARRY THE INTRODUCTIONS!

THE REVEREND MOON JUNE YUK, SERVANT OF THE LORD, CHURCHMAN, STATESMAN...

AND PAID POLITICAL DIRECTOR OF A RIGHT-WING HATE GROUP DOMINATED BY MY FAITHFUL YUCCIES!

NEXT WE HAVE THAT FAMED INDIAN MYSTIC, THE MAHAGREASY MIGRAINE YOGI, WHO HAS SYSTEMATICALLY PURCHASED EVERY BANKRUPT HOTEL IN THE UNITED STATES AND TURNED THEM INTO MEDITATION BUSINESS SCHOOLS!

REMEMBER, OM IS THE FIRST TWO LETTERS OF MONEY SPELLED BACKWARDS!

AND, LAST BUT NOT LEAST, WERNER BLOWHARD, NOMINAL HEAD OF THE ORGANIZATION UNDER WHOSE BANNER WE GATHER HERE TONIGHT!

I'VE GOT IT, HAVE YOU GOT IT?

GOT WHAT? WHO ARE ALL THESE PEOPLE? WHY ARE THEY HERE, AND WHAT HAVE THEY GOT TO DO WITH US?

WITH YOU, MY DEAR? NOTHING! BUT, WITH MS. WESTER AND YOUR FEATHERED BOYFRIEND... EVERYTHING!

WINDA AND HOWARD HAVE BOTH, WE BELIEVE, EXPERIENCED CONTACT WITH THE COSMIC AXIS. HOWARD FELL THROUGH IT, AND WINDA DRAWS HER MIND POWERS FROM IT!

OUR LEADER HAS FORMULATED A THEORY THAT THE COSMIC AXIS MAY PRESENT A PATHWAY TO THE MINDS OF THE MASSES! A ROUTE EVERY ORGANIZATION REPRESENTED HERE WOULD DEARLY LOVE TO DISCOVER... AND CONTROL!

THOUGH NONE IS MORE PASSIONATELY INTERESTED IN THE POSSIBILITIES OF MASS-MANIPULATION THAN OUR LEADER

AS DR. REICH IT WAS HE WHO HAD HOWARD AND WINDA BROUGHT TO THE MENTAL INSTITUTION OVER WHICH HE PRESIDED, AND THERE HE WITNESSED WINDA'S MENTAL POWERS UNLEASHED WHILE LEARNING OF HOWARD THE DUCK'S PRESENCE ON EARTH!

JAWOHL! BUT I AM TO BE CALLED DR. REICH NO LONGER!

FOR DER FOURTH UND FINAL STAGE OF MY DOMINATION OF MEN'S MINDS IS ABOUT TO BEGIN! NO MORE OUTMODED SWASTIKAS! I WILL DRAW ON CORPORATE MODELS TO ACHIEVE MY GOALS!

THUS, B.E.S.T.--BOZOS EAGERLY SERVING TYRANTS-- WILL SUCCEED WHERE DER THIRD REICH FAILED!

UND THE WORLD WILL ONCE AGAIN TREMBLE AT DER NAME OF...

ADOLPH HITLER!

CHAPTER TWO: FUHRER KNOWS BEST!

**SIEG
WEIL,**

OH,

CAN IT
WEAWWY
BE...
HIM?!

Tee-Hee-Hee!
COUNT ON IT,
LADY-- IT'S
HIM!

HEAD
OF THE
BIGGEST CULT
EVER! OUR
FORE-
RUNNER!

REST
ASSURED, IF
ANYONE'S
GOT IT, HE
HAS!

HE REALLY
CLEANED THINGS
UP IN HIS
PRIME!

DON'T COUNT THE OLD BOY OUT YET, SOOFI! HE'S GOT ENOUGH HATE IN HIM TO KEEP GOING FOR TEN LIFETIMES!

ADOLPH WHO? YOU
WONDER. ALTHOUGH EVERY-
ONE ELSE SEEMS TO RECOG-
NIZE HIM, YOU DON'T. STILL,
HE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THE
KIND OF HAIRLESS APE
YOU WANT TO KNOW,

ESPECIALLY
SINCE THESE
BOZOS HAIL
HIM WITH SUCH
AVID
ADULATION!

OH, MEIN FUHRER!
IT IS SO GOOD TO
ONCE AGAIN
SERVE YOU
OPENLY!

HOW CAN I
SHOW YOU HOW
GREAT IS MY DEVO-
TION, MY DESIRE
TO CARRY OUT
YOUR EVERY
COMMAND?

YOU CAN GET OFF MEIN LAP,
NURSE! I HATE SYVINISH
WOMEN!

ALL OF
YOU, UNDER-
STAND! I
VANT NOT
YOUR DEVO-
TION OR
ADULATION--

--BUT
YOUR BLIND,
UNTHINKING
OBEDIENCE!

YES,
I'LL GIVE
YOU THAT
TOO!



AND I DON'T MIND OBEYING SOMEONE OF YOUR STATURE, SIR! AFTER ALL, I'VE BEEN OBEYING SOMEONE ALL MY LIFE, ANYWAY!

OUR GOALS DOVETAIL: I WISH TO CLEANSE MAN'S MIND OF IMPURE THOUGHTS, YOU WISH TO ERASE ALL THOUGHTS!



AND TO FILL THE VACUUM THENCE CREATED WITH YOUR OWN COMMANDS!

YOUR POLITICAL MOTIVATIONS HARDLY DIFFER FROM MY MORE RELIGIOUS ASPIRATIONS, HERR FUHRER!

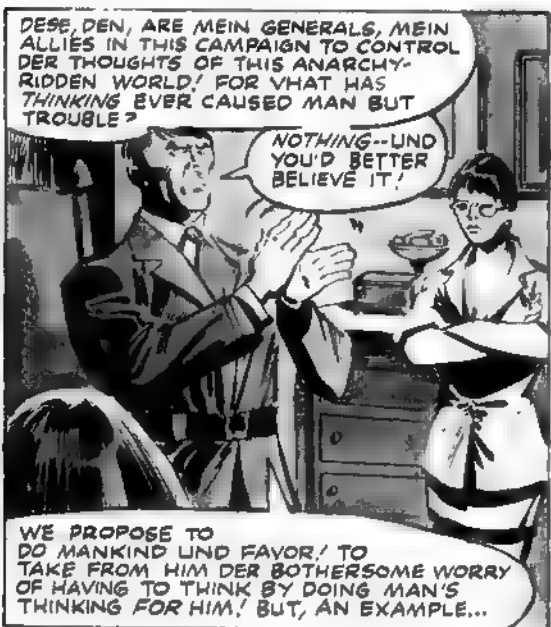


TEE-HEE-HEE! I'M ONLY TOO WILLING TO ADD MY FOLLOWERS TO YOURS, ESPECIALLY IF THERE'S PROFIT IN IT!



YOU SEE, FUHRER! THEY'LL DO ANYTHING YOU ASK, BECAUSE THEY'RE ALL WORTHLESS ZEROS! THEY DON'T HAVE IT!

WHILE I CAN SEE THAT YOU DEFINITELY HAVE IT, WHICH INTERESTS ME BECAUSE I LOST IT AND HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO GET IT BACK!



DESE, DEN, ARE MEIN GENERALS, MEIN ALLIES IN THIS CAMPAIGN TO CONTROL DER THOUGHTS OF THIS ANARCHY-RIDDEN WORLD! FOR WHAT HAS THINKING EVER CAUSED MAN BUT TROUBLE?

NOTHING--UND YOU'D BETTER BELIEVE IT!

WE PROPOSE TO DO MANKIND UND FAVOR! TO TAKE FROM HIM DER BOTHERSOME WORRY OF HAVING TO THINK BY DOING MAN'S THINKING FOR HIM! BUT, AN EXAMPLE...



AT A CLAP OF THE FUHRER'S HANDS, ONE OF BLOW-HARD'S FLUNKIES WHEELS IN A PATHETIC, CRUMPLED FIGURE...

DIS IS DER STATE OF MIND, SYMBOLIC OF DER CONFUSED THINKING OF ORDINARY HUMANITY!

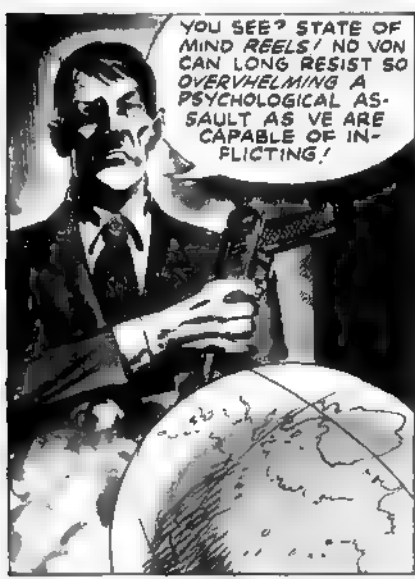
NOW, VATCH WHILE MEIN COVORKERS BREAK DOWN HIS RESISTANCE WITH A BARRAGE OF BROMIDES!

LET GO! MEDITATE! LET YOUR CONSCIOUSNESS RIPPLE ON THE LAKE OF LIFE! CLEAR YOUR MIND OF STRESS!

CAPITALISM! COMMUNISM! CHRISTIANITY! BUDDHISM! GOO-GOO-GA-JOOB!

WORTHLESS, SNAIL-SUCKING, SLIME-SPAWNED GNAT! YOU'RE SO LOW YOU COULD PLAY HANDBALL ON A CURB!

BLAND IS BEST! MY FORMULA 410 WILL CLEANSE YOUR MIND OF ORIGINALITY, LEAVING YOU AS UNIMAGINATIVE AND INSIPID AS THE REST OF US!



YOU SEE? STATE OF MIND REELS! NO VON CAN LONG RESIST SO OVERWHELMING A PSYCHOLOGICAL ASSAULT AS VE ARE CAPABLE OF INFLECTING!



IN MERE MOMENTS, THIS IN-SECURE, VORTHLESS! LITTLE LUMPEN HAS LOST ALL TOUCH VITH REALITY! HIS MIND IS LIKE A BLANK SLATE--

--ON WHICH VE CAN ETCH ANY INSTRUCTIONS VE PLEASE! STATE OF MIND IS OURS TO COMMAND...



...OR TO SMASH!



BRAVO! A CONSUMMATE PERFORMANCE!

THAT'S IT, ALL RIGHT!

THE LORD'S WILL BE DONE!

WHO SAYS THERE'S NO PROPHET IN THIS BUSINESS?

CLAP

CLAP

CLAP-CLAP

THANK YOU MEIN FRIENDS! THANK YOU!



WAAUGHE IT DIDN'T TAKE THEM LONG TO DO THAT GUY IN WITH A' OVERDOSE OF MALARKY...

HE SHOULD'A WATCHED MORE T.V. TO KEEP HIS RESISTANCE UP!

THEY'D NEVER GET ME SO EASY--OR BEV. EITHER, I HOPE.

YOUR FAVORITE HAIRLESS APE FEELS THE SAME!

BIG DEAL! SO YOU CAN BRAINWASH ONE OF YOUR OWN DISCIPLES!

HOWARD AND WINDA ARE STRONG ENOUGH INDIVIDUALS TO RESIST YOUR MIND MANIPULATIONS!

ARE THEY? DER GHOSTLY MANIFESTATIONS VE STAGED WITHIN ZIS HOUSE HAFF ALREADY SHAKEN THEIR HOLD ON REALITY! MS. SWITZLER VE ONLY HOLD HOSTAGE, TO GIFF US LEVERAGE IN PERSUADING DER FOWL...

BUT YOU, WINDA VESTER, ARE DER CRUX OF OUR PLAN FOR VORL DOMINATION!

I'M FWATTWEED BUT YOU'WL FOWGIVE ME IF I DECWINE?

NEIN! WINDA!

OH, HEWP ME, BEVEWY! HEWP ME!

YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR, MY DEAR! THIS IS A FAMILY SHOW!

APPROVED BY MY CHURCH!

WINDA VESTER HAS REVEALED VAST PSYCHIC POWERS-- UND, USING HER MIND TO GAIN ACCESS TO DER COSMIC AXIS, VE CAN BEGIN TO PROJECT OUR CONTROL ONTO DER CONFUSED BLANK-SLATE MINDS OF THE ENTIRE WORLD!

BUT BEFORE ENDANGERING MEIN ALLIES, DER COSMIC AXIS MUST BE TESTED... BY VON WHO HAS PASSED THROUGH IT BEFORE! NURSE BARBARA, BRING IN DER DUCK!

B-BUT, MEIN FUHRER, I-I THOUGHT YOU WERE COORDINATING THE DUCK'S CAPTURE?

VAT?! YOU MEAN DER VERDAMMT DUCK IS NOT YET IN OUR CLUTCHES?!!

INCOMPETENTS, BUNGLERS! CAN I NEVER FIND UNDERLINGS CAPABLE OF DOING AN HONEST DAY'S DESTRUCTION!

OUT! ALL OF YOU! UND DONOT RETURN UNTIL DER DUCK IS CAUGHT!

COWED AND SHEEPISH, THE DISCIPLES SHAMBLE OUT IN SEARCH OF THE TALKING DUCK WHO MIGHT HOLD THE SECRET OF THE COSMIC AXIS-- YOU!

SINCE YOU HADN'T BEEN FOUND AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SHAFT, THEY ASSUMED YOU'D BEEN TAKEN UPSTAIRS.

BUT, EVEN AS THE DISCIPLES DEPART, ANOTHER, UNHEEDED FIGURE DESCENDS THE STAIRS!



PAUL! SLEEPWALKIN' AS USUAL. NO ONE'S PAYIN' ANY ATTENTION TO HIM-- THE STORY OF HIS LIFE.

SAY, HE'S GIVIN' ME AN IDEA THAT JUST MAY GET US OUTTA THIS MESS! BUT FIRST I GOTTA BORROW THIS DISCARDED 'GHOST' SHEET...



... AN' THEN SNEAK OUT INTO THE CORRIDOR AN' DRAG PAUL BACK HERE BEHIND THE DRAPES! YEAH, EASY AS PIE!



ALL I GOTTA DO IS AVOID BEIN' SPOTTED BY THE CREEP QUINTET.

THIS PROVED EVEN EASIER THAN YOU'D HOPED, SINCE THOSE NASTIES WERE ABSORBED AT THE MOMENT IN PERSECUTIN' POOR WINDA!



Tee-hee-hee! RELAX, DEAR CHILD. YOU ARE TENSE, FULL OF STRESS!

LET YOURSELF GO WITH THE FLOW--AND TELL US WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW!

YOU FAT SWOB!

NOW, NOW, MY DEAR! THAT'S NO WAY TO SPEAK TO THE MAHA-GREASY! HE'S ONLY DOING THE LORD'S WORK, AS ARE WE ALL!



OF COURSE, THE DIVINE WILL DOES NEED INTERPRETING!

BY THE WAY, WINDA-- YOUR RELATIONSHIP WITH A SOMNAMBULANT ISN'T QUITE STRAIGHT YOU KNOW? ARE YOU KINKY?

THAT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS! PAUL AND I HAVE A PERFECTLY SOUND WEWATIONSHIP!

YOU'RE WORTHLESS, STUPID AND SICK!



UP YOUR'S! I'M NOT AFRAID OF YOU! YOU CAN AWW GO TO HEWW!

THAT'S PRECISELY WHERE THEY WILL BE GOING, MY DEAR!



W Hooooo





HE IS UNCONSCIOUS ONLY, THOUGH MY BLOW WOULD SURELY HAVE SLAIN HIM--

--HAD SOMEONE NOT PLACED THIS HELMET FROM THAT SUIT OF ARMOR AS A PROTECTIVE COVERING OVER HIS HEAD!

AND I BELIEVE I KNOW WHERE THAT SOMEONE IS HIDING!



BUT AS NURSE BARBARA MOVES WARILY TOWARD THE HEADLESS SUIT OF ARMOR...

PAUL'S OUT, BUT HE AN' A TOUCH OF VENTRILOQUISM KEPT 'EM BUSY--

--GIVIN' ME TIME TO CLIMB INTO THIS BULLET-PROOF BOILERPLATE!

A SECOND IRONCLAD FIGURE SUDDENLY LURCHES TO LIFE!



IT'S THE OLD SHELL-GAME, LADY--AN' YOU PICKED WRONG! STILL, I THINK YOU'LL GET A REAL KICK OUT OF IT LOBBING!

BOOT!



THAT VOICE! EVEN MUFFLED BY A METAL MASK I'D KNOW IT ANYWHERE!

HOWARD!



HIYA, TOOTS! JUST KEEP UP THE IMPRISONED "LADY IN WAITIN'" ROUTINE...

SIR MALLARD IS HERE TA SAVE YA!

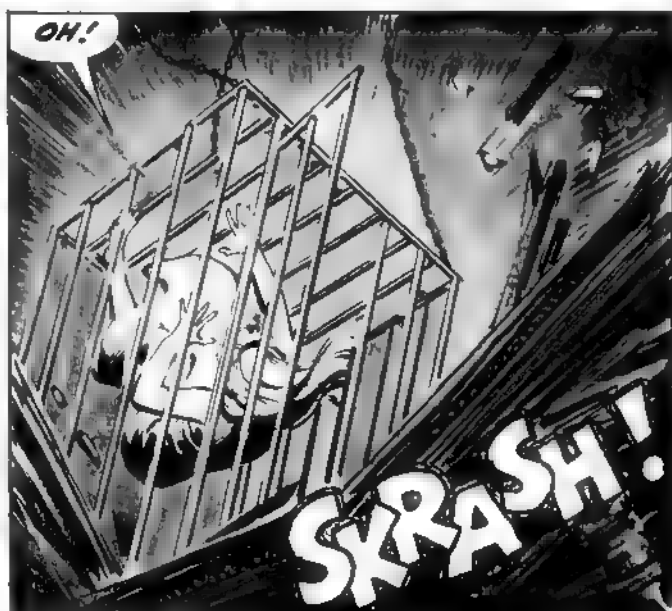
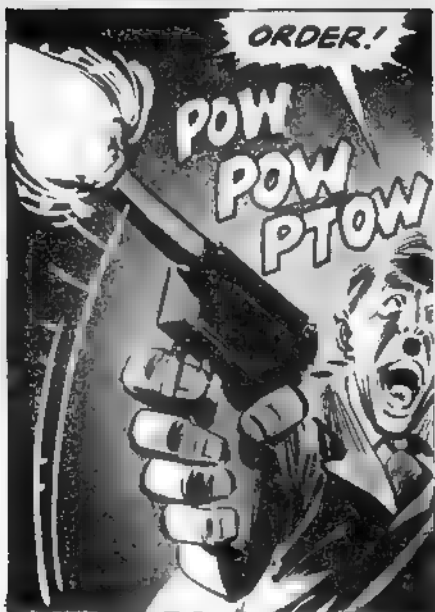


IT IS THE FUGITIVE FOWL, MOCKING US! FORWARD, MEIN CONFEDERATES!

I FOR ONE WOULD NOT MEDTATE UPON HIS FATE! NO ONE MAKES A FOOL OF THE MAHAGREASY MIGRAINE YOGI... AND LIVES!





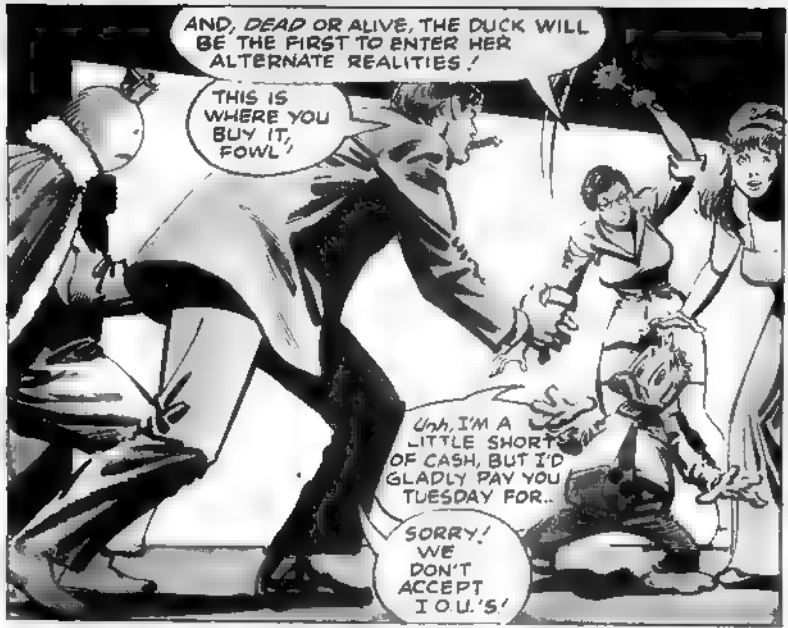




BUT NURSE BARBARA DIDN'T GIVE YOU MUCH TIME TO LISTEN!

GET THEM! ALL IS NOT YET LOST!

THE GIRL'S MIND HAS OPENED THE COSMIC AXIS!



AND, DEAD OR ALIVE, THE DUCK WILL BE THE FIRST TO ENTER HER ALTERNATE REALITIES!

THIS IS WHERE YOU BUY IT, FOWL!

Uhh, I'M A LITTLE SHORT OF CASH, BUT I'D GLADLY PAY YOU TUESDAY FOR...

SORRY! WE DON'T ACCEPT I.O.U.'S!



KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF HOWARD, YOU TOTALITARIAN THUGS

SAME? BUT THAT'S IMPOSSI--



--BLE.

BRAK!

T-THIS IS IT?! Glaaghh!



PAUW? I-IS IT WEAWWY YOU? ARE YOU FINAWWY AWAKE, AT WONG WAST?

AWAKE? HEY! I GUESS I AM!

FUNNY-- I DON'T FEEL ANY DIFFERENT, THOUGH.



WE ARE THE ONLY TWO LEFT, NURSE BARBARA! DO WE FLEE, OR--?

NO! DER FUHRER'S PLAN FOR DOMINATION MAY BE RUINED, BUT THE FOWL WILL NEVER LIVE TO GLOAT OVER HIS VICTORY!



GLOAT? I'M TOO BUSY TRYIN' TO STAY ALIVE!

NURSE BARBARA, THE FOWL TWISTS IN MY GRASP! LOOK OOOFEE!

THE SINISTER 500! ONCE DESCRIBED HER FORMULA 410 AS HER MOST HUMANE WEAPON. ITS FINE SPRAY SAFELY CLEANED PORCELAINS, ENAMELS, GLASS... AND ALL CONSCIOUSNESS FROM THE BRAIN!



WERE AM I? VAT AM I DOING HERE? THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE DER BUNKER!

EVA, MY LOVE? WERE ARE YOU? WHY AM I SO ALONE??

Unh, WINDA, I KNOW I CAME IN LATE-- BUT WHERE'D THEY COME FROM?



SEARCH ME! THEY JUST DROPPED IN FOW A VISIT!

NO LONGER NEEDED, THE BEINGS CONJURED FORTH VANISH BACK INTO WINDA'S BRAIN...

BUT EVERYONE IS TOO ABSORBED IN HITLER'S ACTIONS TO PAY MUCH ATTENTION



DER VER-DAMMT AL-LIES DRAW CLOSER TO BERLIN--

--UND I AM ALL ALONE!



Omigosh, HE'S RELIVING THE FINAL MOMENTS OF WORLD WAR II...

WHEN ADOLPH HITLER'S SUICIDE PRECEDED THE GERMAN SURRENDER!

A RE-RUN!



KROW!

YES, HISTORY KEEPS TRYING TO REPEAT ITSELF!

ONLY, LIKE EVERYTHING IN LIFE, THINGS ARE NEVER THE SAME WAY TWICE!



OH, MEIN POOR MISUNDERSTOOD FUHRER!

HE WASN'T REALLY HITLER, WAS HE?

IN HIS MIND HE WAS, BUT, IN REALITY, HE WAS DER FUHRER'S DENTIST!



FORTY-FIVE YEARS AGO IT WAS HE WHO IDENTIFIED ALL THAT REMAINED OF ADOLPH HITLER IN THAT BURNED-OUT BUNKER -- DER FUHRER'S DENTURES! SO IN LOVE WAS HE WITH HITLER, THAT HE REPLACED HIS OWN TEETH WITH THOSE OF HIS FUHRER!

PERHAPS HAVING THOSE MAGNIFICENT MOLARS IN HIS MOUTH IS WHAT FINALLY DROVE HIM TO HIS DEATH!

FOR A MOMENT WORDS ESCAPED YOU



BUT ONLY FOR A MOMENT!

YOU MEAN TO TELL ME-- SWAUGH-- THAT'S THE MOST RIDICULOUS STORY I'VE EVER HEARD!

END

PLAYDUCK REVIEWS

By Duckbill Mantlo

Kurt Vonneduck's **DUCK'S CRADLE** is a mature, imaginative novel — perhaps the best he has ever written. One of the most daring and irreverent drakes of our time, Vonneduck has here concocted a delicious and irreverent fantasy about the end of Duckworld — replete with atomic scientists, ugly ducklings, fowl play and a brand new method of hatching eggs. Possibly the best political satire since Pierre Fowlle's **PLANET OF THE PEOPLE**.

THE WEB AND THE WOK is Thomas Wolf's story of a struggling young restaurateur recounting his youth in a southern pond, his college days mastering the fine art of haute cuisine, his impassioned affair with Dinah Duck, his debutante heartthrob, and his eventual recognition as one of the finest chefs in the eggstential style. Wolf (despite his duckophomorphic nom de plume) is a passionate drake who handles his character with the sensitivity of an artist walking on eggs.

Mario Duckzo has created an extraordinary novel in **THE DUCKFATHER**. It pulsates with dramatic and evil incident, brute rage, and the naked terror of the infamous underworld. Duckzo takes us inside the violence-infested domain of East Ductroit during the savage days of prohibition. He shows us trial by gunfire and torture as heavily-accented Sicilian ducks torment their captives by applying hot feathers to their webbed feet. **THE DUCKFATHER** is essentially the story of one drake and his power... Muffia leader Vito Sergioleone, a benevolent duckspot who stops at nothing to gain and hold the pond from which he rose to power. Read it — and weep!

HEART OF DUCKNESS is one of the most terrifying journeys into the soul of duckkind ever penned by the webbed hand. Joseph Duckrad guides us up-pond after the sinister Mr. Klutz, into the aboriginal horror of primeval night. **HEART OF DUCKNESS** has also served as the model for Francis Ford Duckola's multi-million dollar motion picture, **ADUCKECLIPSE NOW!** Years in the making, this story of a dedicated young drake astronomer's search for the meaning of life in the Black Holes of outer space incorporates all the mystery of Duckrad's novel with all the glitter that is Duckywood.

For fifteen years ducklings too young to remember their first album have been clamoring for the reunion of that almost-mythical rock group, the **BEAKLES**. Now, at long last, it looks as if Paw, Gorge, Gone and Ducko have finally decided to give their youthful fans what they want. Soon to be released, **SGT. BEAKLES LONELY TARTS CLUB BAND** follows the musical styles of those lovable Duckerpool lads from their first rockaducky days of **MEET THE BEAKLES**, through their movie careers and hits such as **A HARD DUCK'S NIGHT**, and on past even the current Ducksco craze. Having outlasted their most prominent imitators, the **ROLLING CLONES**, the **BEAKLES** are back in stride with this 2—LP set, reaffirming that it's better late than never. And no. Paw isn't dead!

WADDLE BEFORE THEY HATCH!



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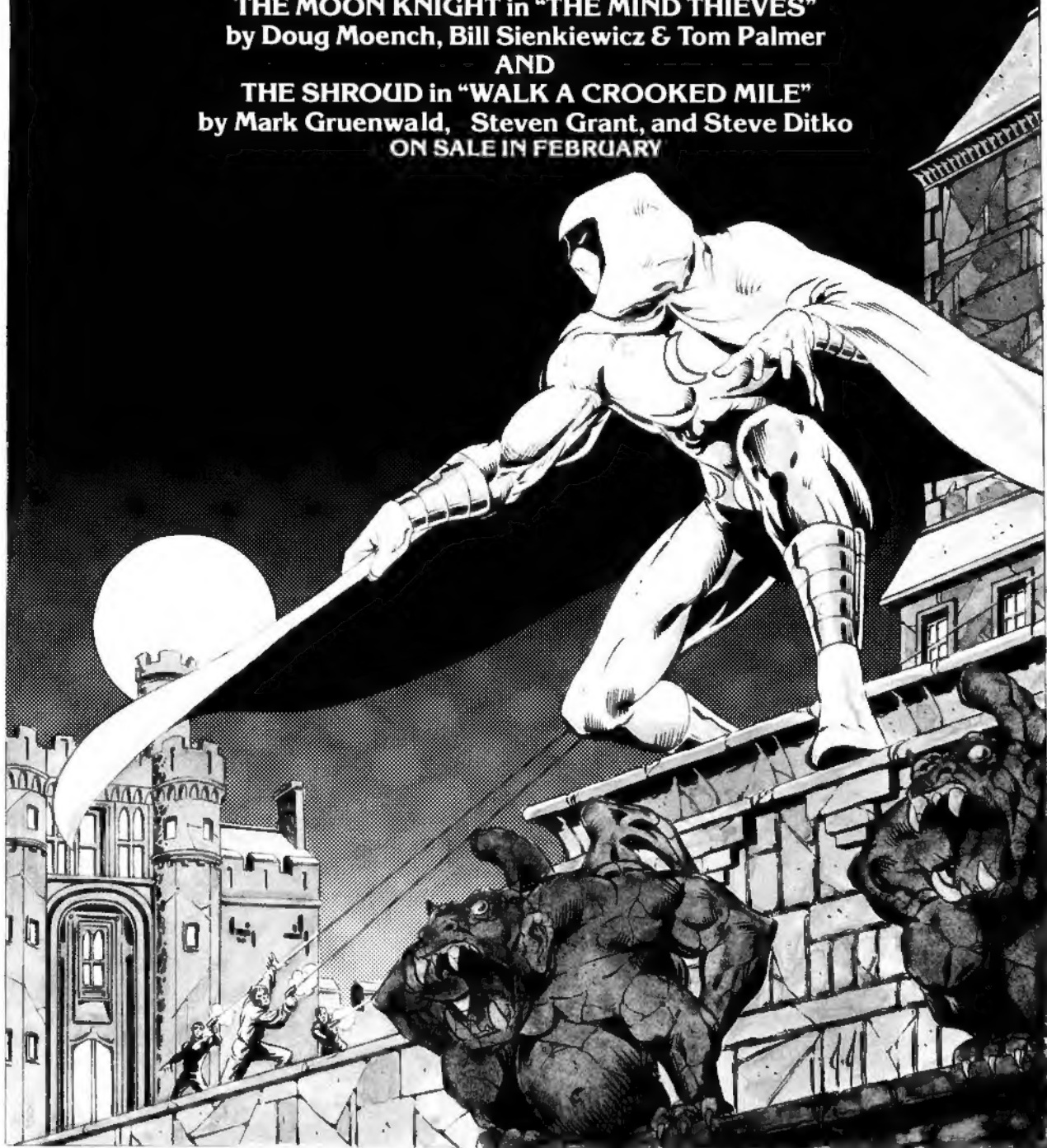
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